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The Pacific

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[For THE PACIFIC.]

"Watchman, What of the Night?"

Isaiah xxi. 11.

Ho, Watchman! for the night is long,
And something in the air,
Some boding sense of something wrong,
Awakens me to prayer.

I seem to hear the troubled sea
A-moaning to the land;
I cannot sleep; it seems to me
Some dire distress at hand.

So, Watchman, I will watch with thee,
And look to yonder height,
No rest may come to you or me
Until the morning light.

For oft I read on sacred page,
That till the break of day,
Christ's faithful ones in every age
Must watch as we l as pray.

And when the darkness grows apace,
And they are frighted sore,
Then they must look to His high place,
And hold to Him the more.

And there are days when "darkened heart"
And "alienated" mind,
Pervert the simple Bible truth,
With plan too well-defined.

And there are days when in the church
Are many who betray;
And if the Master suffered death,
His true and faithful may.

Forever on its holy height
His cross is plain; the test
By which Thy church, O Crucified!
Must enter to Thy rest.

Now, Watchman, thou canst read my dream—
This moan of ocean dumb,
Some prophecy it doth me seem
Of what will shortly come.

And, Watchman, watch what may betide,
The while I watch and pray;
Dear Christ, the gates soon open wide
Of Thy long-promised day.

OAKLAND. M.

A BREATH OF WINTER.

January 27, 1892—it is a glorious starlit night. The thermometer on the porch registers ten degrees above zero—a mild and pleasant temperature after the thirty degrees below which we had a few days ago. This is a "white" winter for Idaho, and never has the snow been more beautiful, in all the varied phases of falling, drifting and blowing. For the snow here does not stay "put" any more than the sand does. The winds delight to whirl it hither and yon, now in smooth, rounded mounds, and again in drifts that comb sharply over like great breakers on the beach.

On very cold, still days the air is full of glistening hoar frost, falling lightly, like myriads of tiny, feathery stars, clinging to every thing, and clothing the slim poplar trees in gleaming robes, as they stand clearly outlined against the far, western sky, all aglow with flaming reds and orange, that give a rosy glow to the level plains and distant Buttes. And then the moon comes up over the eastern hills, and her silvery light on the snow is like the smile of an angel on the face of the dead, so wonderful is the peaceful calm that broods over all.

The starlit nights are more human, with the warm lights streaming from happy home windows and the merry jingle of sleigh-bells far and near. Sleighing is the very poetry of riding, when the air is like a bracing tonic, and the snow creaks under the slender runners as the good horse puts the bounding strength of his muscles into speed, and we fly homeward through the night.

The sagebrush, that gnarled, gray dwarf among shrubs, is almost hidden, and the hungry jack-rabbits scurry across the fields with no friendly shade to hide their gray coats from the Indians, and men and boys who, with guns and dogs, pursue them through the soft snow.

As the children and I were out one morning, when the mercury was below zero, we saw a poor old rabbit hopping sadly around and around in the snow near his hole. He had come up through the snow, and found but scanty pasturage, and his face wore a most woebegone expression. That night it snowed again, and his hole has remained covered up ever since. The rabbits flock to the haystacks this cold, snowy weather, and eat out the hay, making great holes, where the boys lie in wait for them. One day one of the men brought in a great, snowy owl that had sat in one of these holes in the night, and when Brer Rabbit came creeping in for an early breakfast, he was clutched by two sharp claws; there was a little squeal, and life held no more hunger for him. No eagle was ever more haughty than that great owl. His yellow eyes glared at us with the disdain of a savage emperor, and he scornfully refused all overtures from the cook, who sought to propitiate him with dainty tidbits of steak. He would except none of them, evidently preferring to capture his own meat. A cage was made for him, and he was placed in a back room for the night; but morning found him gone. He had battled against the bars of his cage, and. bursting one, had wheeled about the room in stormy rage until a fierce dash had broken a window, and he had flown, exulting, to his own snowy solitudes. No doubt the rabbits suffered from his insulted dignity.

I was glad he escaped. There is nothing to be admired in an unwilling prisoner. To have kept him caged would have been to see him droop and lose his proud, clean beauty of feather and eye, and eat out his homesick heart in sullen rage at his confinement. Far better to give him back to the lonely freedom of hill and crag.

Yesterday we rode out in the exhilarating, sunny air to see the men cutting ice on Snake River. We drove down on the ice, and saw the translucent blocks, eighteen inches thick, that are to make life tolerable next summer, when this white glory is gone, and we parch and broil between sun and sand.

The river is apparently gone. It lies folded under its mantle of snow, and we hear no sound of its hurrying waters; see no gleam of that swift, treacherous current that has well earned its name of Snake. I had fancied I would feel no fear of this wily stream as it lay supine in its icy fetters; but, truth to tell, in spite of reason and ice eighteen inches thick, I sat lightly all the way over.

Coming back, we saw several herds of cattle being brought down out of the hills. Hay is plentiful and cheap, and if the horses and cattle had been brought in before the deep snow came the loss of stock would have been small. As it is, when the snow wastes away in the spring, many a skeleton will tell the tale of a lingering death from hunger and exhaustion.

I wonder do the thoughtless and thriftless owners ever think of the pangs the poor animals must suffer before kind death comes. It would seem that interest on the part of the owners would prevent such cruelty, but it does not. It is one of the things that can only be remedied by the law of Christ, that constrains to love for all things, be they high or low.

We who are interested in all that tends to the betterment of mankind, and, so, of course, in the temperance work of Idaho, feel that much change of public sentiment must be brought about before wise and needed laws on that subject can be enacted; and a still greater change before those same laws can be enforced. But we are hopeful that the changing cycles will ripen all good seed into parfect fruition, and our good Mrs. Mitchell, State Organizer for the Idaho W. C. T. U., is doing consecrated work for the future. She is now in Northern Idaho, and we hope to welcome many new unions at our next convention. Mrs. Mitchell is thoroughly imbued with the Spirit of Christ, and does much missionary work as well as temperance work. This was notably true when she went among the Mormons of Southern Idaho, preaching the gospel in many places where temperance work is as yet impossible. Captain Van Etten, too, is doing good work for temperance in Idaho.

All our temperance workers realize the truth that Mrs. M. B. Reese put into words when she said, "What Idaho needs is a good strong revival." Only some think that what we need is a good strong conversion.

LUELLING.

OBITUARY.

LEGALLEE.—Died, in Turlock, Cal., January 31, 1892, Annie Legallee, aged 21 years.

The deceased was a member of the Congregational Church of Turlock. She was one of a number of young ladies who took an active interest in furnishing the church after its completion, and with several others made a profession of Christianity and united with the church soon after its dedication. She was organist while her health permitted. A long and patient sufferer, she went peacefully to her rest in Him in whom she had believed in the early morning of womanhood.

The funeral services were conducted by the writer, who baptized her and received her into the church a little less than three years before. The church was appropriately trimmed for the sad occasion. A large audience of sympathizing friends and neighbors were in attendance. The I. O. G. T. of Turlock, of which she was an honored and active member, attended the services in regalia, and marched to the cemetery, where all that was mortal of their deceased sister was laid in its last resting-place. The beautiful and impressive burial services of the order were used at the grave.

L. M. BARBER.

CROCKETT, FEB. 15. 1892.

OLD AGE—ITS PRIVILEGES AND DUTIES.

BY REV. S. BRISTOL.

"Now, also, when I am old and gray-headed, forsake me not, until I have shown thy strength to this generation, and thy power to every one that is to come." (Ps. lxxi: 18.)

This is an inspired prayer. The Holy Ghost inspired David to utter it, because he wished to answer it. And he caused it to be written in the Book of God, and handed down to us, that we might read it, and make it our own, when we also are old and gray-headed. There is a widespread impression that when people get old, their day of usefulness is past; that when men and women pass over a certain line—somewhat movable—which is designated as that at which old age begins, that thence onward they have little else to do than retire gracefully from business of all sorts, wind up their affairs, and betake themselves to a period of rest, where they gradually fade from sight, and pass away. The condition is looked upon as largely one of inaction, joyless, and to be endured as best we may till the end comes. With this view, many people dread the coming of old age. and push the thoughts of it out of mind, as far as possible.

The writer of this article, now nearing his seventy-eighth year, takes a very different view of the closing day of the Christian's life. And since there are not a few old people in California who weekly read THE PACIFIC, the old and solid pioneer religious paper of this Coast, the thought has been in his mind for some time to write to them his views on this subject.

1. Brothers and sisters, your work is not done. David's was not—the "old and gray-headed." He had a work yet before him in showing to his own generation Jehovah's strength—his strength in upholding his servant, in heart and hope, in zeal and faith and holy joy, down to the end in spite of all the infirmities of age! He had been a zealous and joyful Christian during youth and manhood. But now he was old and gray-headed, and men looked for a flagging zeal and a lessened joy as the body grew weak and earthly pleasures were passing away. So it is with all carnal and worldly men. David wished to show that the strong and mighty God would not allow his children thus to close a loyal and holy life. And the substance of his prayer was this: "Oh, Jehovah of Israel, as thou didst make me strong when a boy feeding my father's flock, and when I met Goliath in the valley of Elah, and as thou hast upheld me in all my eventful manhood, even so now that I have entered the period of old age, let the same unwearied arm carry me through victorious to the end! For I long to show to this generation, and to those following, what great things God can do for old and gray-headed men." Such a prayer, brothers and sisters, is not unsuitable for each of us. Nor have I any doubt that if uttered—and uttered in faith, and uttered daily—great and glad answers will come to us all. If we do not expect such an upholding, and do not ask for it, nor believe, we cannot hope to be established. Let us look now first at what we need: (1) We need, before we die, to gain a final victory over those easily besetting sins which perhaps have baffled all our efforts hitherto. They have troubled us much, they have marred our influence, they have grieved the Lord! Must we die, these Hivites, Hittites, and Amorites, still in the land? Shall we leave such a testimony behind to be read by children and children's children? No! No! Let us call on God's strength for a complete and final victory. (2) We want the gift of *heavenly peace*, the peace Christ speaks of when he says, "My peace I give to you"; and the Psalmist, when he says, "Great peace have they that love thy law, and nothing shall offend them." Old people are, as a rule, given to fault-finding, murmuring and complaining. We should show the opposite—profound and unbroken peace; so that, when people shall look upon us dying they may say: "Mark the perfect man! and behold the upright! for the end of that man is peace." (3) An old age, *brimful of the joy of God*, we ought to leave behind us, as a blessed remembrance to our children and to all who shall hear of our latter days. This is possible, brethren, and God will joyfully bring it about, if we set our hearts upon it, and seek it in faith. Jesus said: "Hitherto ye have asked nothing. Ask and ye shall receive, that your joy may be full." "And your joy no man taketh from you." And if man cannot—surely old age should not—when the angels are making ready to receive us, and the right arm of the Lord is pressing us closer and closer to his bosom. O brothers, pray for a joyous old age! (4) Every day of old age will afford us its opportunities to do a little good; if it be but by a smile, a look of gratitude, a tender word, a patient resignation! and God will bless these tokens of a Saviour with us, long after we are dead.

Even if bed-ridden and physically helpless, if filled with the Holy Spirit, as you may be, your look of triumph, your unwavering faith, and perfect resignation—will preach sermons which your visitors shall carry away, remember long, repeat to others, and glorify Jesus far abroad!

I close this article by asking my fellows in age to ask the Lord to show them what great things lie before them to be done, before they can suitably close up the record of a Christian life.

Ventura.

A BOLD PROPOSITION.

BY REV. DR. J. E. ROY.

At a recent commencement of the Georgia University the Hon. R. W. Patterson, a prominent member of a late legislature of that State, in his oration on that occasion made a bold proposition, which the Atlanta *Constitution* said editorially "was strongly sustained by many of our people." The honorable gentlemen seemed greatly alarmed at the relative progress made by colored children in the matter of education as compared with white, and argues that "the advancement of this race is a subject gravely demanding the consideration of Southern statesmen." And here is the remedy: "The taxable value of the property of the State of Georgia is, in round number, $360,000,000, and of this amount $350,000,000 is owned by the whites. * * * If that portion of the school fund which is derived from taxation on the property of the whites were appropriated to the education of their children, and that portion derived from the property of the colored people were appropriated to the education of theirs, the immediate effect would be to give to the white race in the State of Georgia advantages thirty-five times as great as those of Negro children." The reason assigned for pursuing this policy is the effect that it and kindred legislation would have in driving the Negro out of the South—a somewhat singular reason to give, since inducements made to him to emigrate in any considerable numbers always meet with forcible opposition.

But if the white people can not keep out of the way of the Negroes, I submit that it is the white folks that should emigrate. If, with fifteen centuries of civilization behind them, they can not compete with this race, which has had only a quarter of a century of such history, they had better submit to their statesmen the question of a white exodus to Africa, or to some other fitting region. But see what a testimony to "the advancement of this race"! It is not the old abolitionist, not the enthusiastic Negro teacher, but a man of the South, to the manner born, who gives in this evidence. See the encouragement to all the friends of the American Missionary Association who, through it, have been promoting that "advancement." Think of a man of the boasted superior race tickling himself with the idea of gaining for the whites, by a trick, "advantages thirty-five times as great as those of the Negro children"!

CHICAGO.

The Board of Directors of the San Francisco Young Men's Christian Association have secured the services of Mr. S. M. Sayford, College Evangelist of the International Committee of the Young Men's Christian Associations of this couutry, to conduct a series of meetings for two weeks at the Association building, directly in the interest of the associate members of the Association, and the young people of the Christian Endeavor Societies of the city. This will be the first series which have been held exclusively for young people in this city for many years. Mr. Sayford is an able and successful evangelist, and his work has met with great favor throughout the colleges of the land. The first meeting will take place Saturday evening, February 27th, and will close March 13th. A large choir of mixed voices will lead the singing, and will be organized immediately.

Labor Commissioner Heath, of Michigan, finds the average wages of Scotchmen in that State to be $575 per year; Englishmen, $565; Irishmen, $515; Canadians, $500; Dutchmen, $465; Americans, $461; Germans, $440.

Woman's Board
Of the Pacific.

PRESIDENT—Mrs. H. E. Jewett, Vacaville.
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All contributions for the Young Ladies' Branch of the Woman's Board should be sent to Miss Grace E. Goodhue Treasurer Y. L. B. W. B., 1722 Geary street, S.F.

NOTICE.

The regular bi-monthly meeting of the Young Ladies' Branch of the W. B. M. P. will be held at Bethany church, this city, on Saturday, February 20th, at 2:30 P. M.

PAULINE MARSHALL, Rec. Sec.

Dr. Root of India will address Young Ladies Branch, Saturday. She remains here till May for Board work among our churches.

MRS. H. E. JEWETT.

OUR FEBRUARY MEETING.

Dr. Pauline Root was the attraction, and many came to the First church, San Francisco, on Wednesday, February 3d. About eighty ladies, and a sprinkling of gentlemen, were in attendance; among the latter was Rev. Walter Frear, lately appointed to represent the A. B. C. F. M. on this coast. Mrs. Jewett read from from Ezekiel xxvii, and called upon Mr. Frear to offer prayer. Later, by a previous invitation, Mr. Frear spoke of his desire to help the ladies of the Woman's Board in every possible way, gave some of the reasons for his appointment, and spoke of the Board Almanacs, some of which he had with him. He also said that Miss Graves of China was in the city, and he hoped the ladies would meet her. [Miss Graves has since gone East.]

It was simply delightful to visit India with Dr. Root! A free, informal talk of about half an hour was followed by questions on numerous points—missionary and otherwise. What are the "bullock-carts" of India? How high does the mercury run? What of the schools of India? How do the people dress? Tell us something of your medical work! Is the evangelistic work in India accomplishing satisfactory results? What is the extent of Mr. Perkins' parish?

We found that Dr. Root had spent five years and a half in Southern India, in the Madura Mission, as a medical missionary. She was thus brought into close contact with the people of India, and has a great deal of intense interest to tell. She has spoken in a number of our churches, and we wish every one could hear her!

TREASURER'S REPORT FOR DECEMBER, 1891.

Received—

Dec. 3d, Mrs. L., Sacramento Auxiliary, to constitute herself a life member	$25 00
Dec. 3d, Plymouth avenue Church, Oakland, Auxiliary Society	5 00
Dec. 7th, Auburn	3 00
Dec. 31st, First Congregational Church, Oakland, Auxiliary Society	61 00
Total	$94 00

TREASURER'S REPORT FOR JANUARY.

Jan. 6th, received from Bethany Sunbeams, Bethany Church, San Francisco, for ship *Morning Star*	$ 10 00
Jan. 6th, Clayton, Mrs. E. D. Hale	1 25
Jan. 6th, Vacaville, Miss Mary E. Hilton	1 25
Jan. 13th, San Jose Avenue Congregational Church, Campbell Station, $2.40; and Miss Hilton, $1.50	5 00
Jan. 13th, from the girls' school of Ruk, Micronesia, a quilt, sold by the ladies of Market-street Church, Oakland, for Mrs. Holbrook's special work	5 00
Jan. 27th, Golden Gate Church, Oakland, Auxiliary Society	5 00
Jan. 29th, Woodland Congregational Church	12 50
Jan. 25th, bequest of Mrs. Almira More	1000 00
Jan. 30th, Fresno class of girls in S. S.	1 75
Jan. 30th, Vacaville Auxiliary	12 50
Total for month	$1054 25

Disbursed—

Jan. 4, 1892, sent to L. S. Ward, Treasurer A. B. C. F. M., for outfit ($250) and salary to Dec. 31, 1891, ($131.25) for Miss Alice Harwood	$381 25
Jan. 4th, Mrs. Warren, secretary work	5 00
Jan. 4th, expenses of Column in PACIFIC	15 00
Jan. 13th, sent Miss Denton for special work	6 25
Cash on hand at date	$1276 43

AN AFRICAN SISTER.

UNTO THE UTTERMOST.

In a grass-thatched hut in Zululand, Sibu, the witch-doctor, first saw the light, and her childhood years were spent in the free and untaught state of the heathen Zulu child. There came a time of terror when her father and brothers were slain by a hostile tribe, her home broken up, and Sibu left in the care of a relative.

Her youth thus passed by, and, arrived at womanhood, a stalwart lover sought her hand, and brought the cattle to purchase his dusky bride. Then came the wedding festivities, when graceful youths and maidens decked themselves for the wild dance. The beasts were slaughtered to the spirits of the dead, and Sibu became the property of her husband—to cook or dig, to endure or suffer, as he should see fit.

After a few years of this life, her lord and master died and left Sibu with three children. She removed to Natal, where she became the wife of another purchaser. A strange illness, after a time, befell her, which thwarted the skill of all the native doctors in the region. While sick, Sibu fell into a trance, and in the vision a dead ancestor appeared, and revealed to her the secret art of healing. She arose and prepared for herself some mysterious drug; by taking this she speedily recovered. Her relatives all looked upon her as thus initiated into the sacred order of witch-doctors. Her hair was daubed with black instead of red, and arranged in snake-like fringes about her face, and her whole attire was made as hideous and grotesque as possible.

A great part of her time was now spent in search of loathsome medicines and mysterious charms, and when she dared break the Colonial law, she would appeal to her attending spirit to reveal to her the secrets of life and death among her people. At rare intervals she wandered into the service at the mission chapel, not far distant from her dwelling, and a glimmer of light began to appear on the murky horizon of her soul; but she loved her sin, and was not ready to leave it.

Thus the years rolled by. Her husband and five children were, one by one taken away, and in her half-crazy way the bereaved woman mourned their death.

In all this life of sin and sorrow the good Father did not forget his wandering child. There came a time when Sibu saw her degradation, and longed for something better. Led by God, she one day gathered up her sacred charms, her horns of medicine and strange bones—uncanny things which she had worn strung about her gaunt frame—and, taking them to the river, threw them into the rushing waters. "They went to their own place," she said.

I think there was joy among the angels that day, as, by the banks of the Ihlimbiti, with no human eye to witness, Sibu thus cast from her these symbols of her witchcraft. Then she came to the missionary to say that she wished to become a Christian. Even her relatives, who had left heathenism, did not believe her sincere. "She is only crazy," they said, and laughed in a mild way at this new freak of the poor soul.

That was nearly two years ago. Since then, step by step, Sibu has come out into the light; little by little she has received the truth. Not long ago she gave up her beer—so loved. We feared it might be a hard struggle, but the other day she said: "It is nothing; I just rejoice in the Lord. My friends laugh at me, and ask me how I am to live without beer, but it does not trouble me."

Next Sabbath Sibu is to partake for the first time of the symbols of Redeeming Love; publicly to renounce the hidden things of darkness which she has so long served. It is now her great desire to visit her old friends in Zulu-land, and tell them what God has done for her soul.

If the Holy Spirit can reach such a degraded creature as Sibu, the witch-doctor, was, may we not pray with *faith* for any one, however lost and wandering he may be? Again and again, as I look at her as she now is, clad in a print dress with a handkerchief tied about her gray head, and as I see the light in her eye and the smile upon her face as she says, "*Ngi ya tanda Inkosi kakulu*" (I love God very much), those words of the Master come to my mind, "He saveth unto the uttermost," and I long to tell her strange story to every discouraged Christian worker.

S. E. HOLBROOK.

MAPUMULO, Natal.

MARRIED.

SOUTHER—JANSEN.—At 309 Sanchez street, February 14, 1892, by Rev. H. Hammond Cole, George E. Souther to Miss Lizzie M. Jansen, both of this city.

POWER—EATON.—At the residence of the bride's parents, in Palermo, February 12, 1892, by Rev. J. W. Speed, Rev. John P. Power to Miss Minnie Eaton.

CALDEN—RANSOM.—At 1908½ Mason street, February 10, 1892, by Rev. H. H. Wikoff, Guy C. Calden of San Francisco to Miss Callie N. Ransom of Oakland.

WALLS—PRESCOTT.—In San Francisco, February 9, 1892, by Rev. Dr. W. D. Williams, John A. Walls of Los Angeles to Miss Jessie Prescott of Kansas City, Mo. They will reside in Los Angeles.

SERVANT AND LORD.

Servant—Art thou not, Lord, my great and chief desire?

Lord—Obedience proves affection's constant fire.

S.—How can I conquer, Lord, unless Thou 'rt near?

L.—Have I not given thee my promise clear?

S.—But oft I stumble, Lord, and oft I fall.

L.—Because thou dost not always on Me call.

S.—And then I fear Thou wilt not hear again.

L.—That but makes more thy guilt and more thy pain.

S.—Wilt Thou, then, *to the last*, Thy help bestow?

L.—Only believe, and thou My love shalt know.

S.—Then help me, Lord. I give Thee all my heart.

L.—No longer servant, but My child thou art.

M.

SOME THOUGHT ON SOME BOOKS.

BY REV. DR. GEO. F. MAGOUN.

Several volumes by Dr. R. W. Dale have lately engaged my attention. The most recent one is a collection of extremely able occasional discourses, gathered under the title "Fellowship with Christ." They are dated 1877, '84, '85, '86, '89, '90, and '91. The address to the London Council is among them.

Abundantly this vigorous and influential author recognizes an objective atonement in place of an insufficient moral change in man, one that propitiates God as the first necessity before the reconciliation of man to him. But he goes so far as to affirm not only that this is in principle for the whole human race, but actually so reaches all men that God "is at peace" with them before they cease their sin and rebellion, although he also affirms that God is angry with them while in sin, and will punish them forever if they do not cease sinning, and must needs require of them to recognize the justice of his doing so. It is a sort of pet mysticism or hobby with Dr. Dale to maintain that all mankind are "in Christ," without distinction, in some sense that hardly leaves room for the saints to be "in Christ" in any special sense at all! One English minister, Mr. Barrett, claims that he should go farther and assert that *all men are already forgiven!* before they repent, and without repenting. If Dr. Dale thus opens the door to actual "race redemption," completed, and to universal salvation, no wonder that "future probation" men and "larger hope" men also claim that he should go much further with them, which I am confident he does not and cannot do.

A criticism of Mr. Gore's (Pusey House, Oxford) new Bampton lectures on the *Incarnation* calls it a mere "landmark in the transition of modern thought"; *i. e.*, from salvation by the atoning work of Christ to salvation by incarnation itself. "There is a larger (?) doctrine of incarnation—which is the union of God with humanity"; *i. e.*, with the whole race—all men, sinners included. It is called a "new and yet germinant doctrine of the incarnation." It is creeping into Broad Church thinking in this country, and tends to stifle the growing interest in the atonement of Christ for sin. Its whole tendency is away from the moral, spiritual and supernatural, to the natural. Combined with the fancy that God is human and man divine, and incarnation an inevitable evolution, it leaves little impressiveness or meaning in the language of Heb. ii:16, "Not of angels doth he take hold, but he taketh hold of the seed of Abraham," passing by the "elder born sons of light," who are certainly nearer in nature to the Godhead than man, in whom Immanuel was incarnate. How it emasculates also, and renders nugatory the remarkable words that follow—"Made like unto his brethren, that he might be a merciful and faithful High Priest in things pertaining to God, to make propitiation for the sins of the people." As the atonement was in order to salvation, the incarnation was in order to atonement. Clearly and notably this is the divine order; but the new theories break up this order. The London *Quarterly* points out that Browning rejected the incarnation "as based upon the facts of history," but "imbibed the fundamental thought of the unity of God and man in Christ, as crowning and consummating man's conception of the Divine nature." If this is Christian thinking, a good deal of moonshiny theorizing will take rank with inspired teachings about our Lord.

One of the ways in which a theory of the incarnation is now being substituted for the Scripture doctrine of atonement, is by ascribing to the mere incarnation of God in human form what is due to the atonement accomplished through this Incarnate Son. Thus, Dr. Lyman Abbott said to a *Golden Rule* interviewer of all moral and religious effort, "At the heart of it is the doctrine of incarnation, that God comes into contact with humanity in order that He may redeem humanity." There is a truth in this. But it confounds together the incarnation with something other and further than this; viz., the object of it, the atoning work of which incarnation was a condition and means. "In order that" means more than incarnation; viz., an end beyond. Christ came to seek and save the lost—to die, the just for the unjust, that he might bring us unto God by propitiation. This must be at the heart of all effort that is saving, because it is propitiation for men as lost sinners that immediately, meritoriously, causatively saves. Moreover, the humanity with which God "comes into contact" in Christ was the sinless humanity of Jesus, which did not need to be redeemed as other individual humanity did, or as humanity at large does. Who has a right to say that "the Son of man came to seek and to save" Jesus as "lost"? Such expressions as Abbott's are based on an untruth, which is creeping into religious language (generally without thought, it must be), which is, that Immanuel was not "God with us," but in us, in everybody; that God united himself, not with one exceptional person, the Son of Mary, but with the whole human race, without exception; to save it, not by dying for it, but by living inside contact with it all—by "touch," whatever this may mean. A most insidious recent error! Certainly, the Virgin Mary was not the mother of the whole race! And the Second Person in the Holy Trinity incarnated himself only in that "Holy Thing" which was "conceived of the Holy Ghost, born of the Virgin Mary." If Christian thought has always been mistaken as to this, and the race as such is the incarnation, what a deplorable Wording forth of God it is!

Your editorial observations on the "Hotel Vendome Incident" were *ad tem.* Those who have marked Dr. Abbott's veering away from the faith of his fathers since he became Mr. Beecher's follower would not be surprised at his going any length that way. It is a case, not of hypothetical "evolution," of error from truth, but of normal "development" of error from error; not of unlike from unlike, but of like from like.

Let me congratulate my long-honored and trusted friend, Rev. Dr. John C. Holbrook, now a vigorous and influential octogenarian, on passing another milestone of his journey through a variously and eminently useful life. Since my first trip from the East with him in the autumn of 1844, he has had, in the fullest and warmest measure, my confidence and Christian love. Many are the seals and witnesses of his intense and energetic ministry in the days of greater strength, and blessed is his privilege still to lead sinners to the Saviour he has served so long and faithful in these advanced and venerable years.

GRINNELL, January, 1892.

"JUDAS ISCARIOT."

OUTLINE OF A SERMON BY REV. C. L. DIVEN OF OLYMPIA.

DEAR PACIFIC: I send you an outline of a sermon preached by our pastor, Rev. C. L. Diven. It is well adapted to the present busy life and temptations of humanity. The lesson so wisely stated, may open some eyes and convict some hearts. "Judas Iscariot" was the subject.

His character was described as abhorrent—the scorn even of the worldly, and yet the preacher thought it was the same character and heart that rejects Christ at the present day.

"His crime was a very human and a very common one. Judas was an active, earnest, thoughtful, far-sighted man of business and financial ability—treasurer and business manager for Christ and his apostles.

"Recognizing Christ's ability, he was personally attracted to him, and was willing to work for him. Christ, also, saw a germ of goodness in Judas, which might develop into a useful man, if cultivated.

"The other disciples were neither perfectly wise nor perfectly good when Jesus called them, but their religious nature yielded to Christ's instruction, and they became the good men we honor and revere. Judas was trusted by them, and carried the purse. He does not seem to have entered into their contentions, or to have been suspected, when Christ declared that one of them would betray him.

"Judas came to his fearful end by entering on a wrong course. Considering his own ability, and Christ's influence, the prospect of his establishing a kingdom, and the chance for himself in it, the ambition destroyed his sense of rectitude and his spiritual life. It was the love of money that led Judas on.

"Christ has been sold again and again for money. Congresses, legislatures, parties, corporations, communities and individuals have sold honor and honesty, purity and duty, truth and righteousness for money, as though that were the best thing God had made. "God made this world for our use and enjoyment, and is pleased with our enterprises and material progress; but if we violate truth and righteousness, and sell ourselves and our highest interests for money, we are no better than Judas Iscariot."

H. H. S.

OLYMPIA, February, 1892.

THE POWER TO OVERCOME.

Could the world realize the power of Christ to turn it from the paths of vice and destruction into which it is daily plunging downward, how quickly it would grasp the situation, and, with a firm hold upon his promises, rise upward to safety and life eternal! This thought brings to me an experience of my own.

I was making a night run with a lone engine down a steep grade. Upon reaching K—— station, we had orders to side-track for No. 19, southbound passenger. Being left alone upon my engine, and feeling very drowsy after a run of thirty consecutive hours I soon fell asleep, and was awakened by a rumbling sound, and glancing across the track, I saw the passenger had arrived, and was apparently moving out of the station. Carelessly, I laid my head back and was almost sleeping, when I was again wakened, and this time I found, to my horror, that the air had leaked out of the brake-drum, and my own engine was speeding downward toward destruction!

In one second I realized that at the end of that switch was a curve, and on one side of the track was a high bank, on the other—hundreds of feet below were gaping black rocks, ready to destroy all that might leave the safety of that iron pathway! I knew the switch was closed, and, further, that I was almost upon it. Even in this moment of danger, I thought with pride of the noble machine which, though carrying one hundred and ten tons of iron and steel, rushing madly downward toward destruction, yet had within it a power which would save it from destruction. I knew that I had but to reach out my hand and grasp a lever and this power was mine!

I did—reversing the lever and pulling the throttle, and this mighty power began to exert itself; the wheels spun rapidly backward, while the awful weight of iron carried my engine downward, until at the very end of the switch, the powerful machine came to a halt, paused a second, and then sped rapidly backward up the track, and carried me to safety and to life!

Young man, what is the lesson? What does this teach you? Are you plunging downward in sin? Are you now drinking your social glass with the world — heedlessly, carelessly, drifting downward? If you are, take this lesson home with you. Just as sure as that engine was going to destruction, so are you; just as surely as there was a power to uplift that engine and carry it upward to safety, is there a power which can uplift you. You have but to reach forth your hand and grasp the Saviour's loving hand, and he will lead to safety and life eternal, and carry you up the highway to the purer and nobler joys of heaven.

W. F. ADAMS.

LOS ANGELES.

AN ILLUSTRATION BY SPURGEON.

Let me give you one of Spurgeon's illustrations to his great congregation in London:

An infidel lecturer, when he had finished his address, gave an opportunity for any one to reply. He expected that some over-confident young man would come forward whom he could easily put down. But instead, an old woman, carrying a basket and wearing an ancient bonnet, manifestly very poor, came upon the platform. Putting down her basket and her umbrella, she began: "*I paid threepence to hear something better than Jesus Christ*, and I have not heard it. Now let me tell you what religion has done for me, and then tell me something better, or else you have cheated me out of my threepence, which I paid to come in. I have been a widow thirty years, and I was left with ten children, and I trusted in the Lord Jesus Christ in the depth of poverty, and he helped me to bring up my children so that they have turned out respectable. None of you can tell what the troubles of a poor lone woman are, but the Lord has made his grace all-sufficient. I was often very sore pressed, but my prayers were heard by my Father in heaven, and I was always delivered. Now, you are going to tell me something better than that; better for a poor woman like me. I have been to the Lord sometimes when I have been very low indeed, and there has been scarcely anything for us to eat, and I've always found his providence kind and good to me. And when I lay very sick I thought I was dying, and my heart was ready to break at leaving my poor fatherless boys and girls, and there was nothing kept me up but the thought of Jesus and his faithful love to my poor soul; and you tell me it is all nonsense. Those who are young and foolish may believe you, but after what I have gone through *I know* there is a reality in religion." In reply, the lecturer did the best he could, and said the dear old woman is so happy in her delusion that I should not like to undeceive her. "No, no!" she exclaimed, "that won't do. Truth is truth, and your laughing can't alter it. Jesus Christ has been all this to me, and I could not sit in the hall and hear you talk against him without speaking up for him. I've tried and proved him, and that is what you have not done."

This is witnessing for Christ a testimony that is not to be gainsaid or contradicted. Experience, experience of the Holy Spirit working in our hearts, experience of Christ with us, and his word and grace in our life and a tongue to tell of it—this is the very best argument for the spread of religion.—*Sermon by Dr. E. B. Webb.*

Labor earnestly to solidify and compact your league operations. That counts.

SUNDAY-SCHOOL LESSON FOR FEB. 28.
JEREMIAH XXXVII: 11-21.

Jeremiah Persecuted.

BY REV. W. L. JONES.

It is common to call Jeremiah the weeping prophet. No doubt he was so; but he was very much more. If he had only sat and wept, he would never have been persecuted. He might have been despised, and, perhaps, have been subjected to some mild forms of ridicule; but there would have been no motive for doing anything more. Weeping has its appropriate place in a religious life, but it is very far from being the whole of it. It is better to go to heaven by fire than by water.

Jeremiah was just the right man to be persecuted. He was a very uncomfortable man to have in an ungodly community. He would talk, and would say very unpleasant things. Nobody could mistake his meaning. In chapter xvi, we find this statement to his neighbors: "Your fathers have forsaken me, saith the Lord. * * * Ye have done worse than your fathers." Also, in the preceding chapter: "Thou hast forsaken me, therefore will I stretch out my hand against thee." Many other words, equally plain, are found in the utterances of this prophet. In chapter xxvi, we find him to be irrepressible. He had to speak the Word of the Lord.

He was courageous. He was not blind to his danger, but was willing to meet it. "I am in your hand. Do what seemeth good unto you, but know ye for certain that if ye put me to death ye shall surely bring innocent blood upon yourselves."

He was faithful to his mission of instruction and entreaty, even in the face of death. "Therefore, now, amend your ways and your doings." He was plain in speech, even to the point of abruptness and incivility. When they charged him with disloyalty, he answered them, "It is false."

Persecution shows itself under different forms, some of which are transient and some perennial; but the Spirit is always the same.

In chapter xxvi, after hearing his prophecy against a disobedient people, they declared that he was worthy of death, but compromised by putting him in prison. In chapter xviii they took a more modern way and said, "Let us smite him with the tongue." In xxxvii: 12 they watched his movements and put their own interpretation upon them, regardless of the facts, and condemned him without a trial. This is the perennial mode of persecution. During the last generation a good man, who spoke in favor of temperance, was seen with a jug. Without any question regarding its contents, they said at once, "Thou fallest away, not to the Chaldeans, as in Jeremiah's time, but to the drinking habits of the intemperate."

When the *Morning Star* was taking in her supplies for a voyage to Micronesia, a few years ago, they put the ship bread into the best casks that could be found. Whiskey is often put up in the same kind of casks. These were seen ready to go on board. Without a question, or any examination, the old cry was raised against the friends of missions, "Let us smite them with the tongue."

In chapter xx, the prophet complained that he was in derision daily. This is also the perennial mode of persecution. In 1826, Dr. Lyman Beecher, who was preaching faithfully in Boston, wrote, "The lash of ridicule was laid on without stint." "All sorts of vile letters were written to me by abandoned persons." But he cared nothing for them. Later on, while a fire was consuming his house of worship, the firemen sat on the fence and sang—

"While Beecher's church holds out to burn,
The vilest sinner may return."

Now different letters and other modes of derision, and new forms of abuse, occupy the persons in whose hearts the same old spirit prevails. One of the temporary effects of this kind of opposition to true religion was manifested in the case of Jeremiah. He became very tired of it. "Then, said I, I will not make mention of him, nor speak any more in his name." (Chapter xx.)

But this was only a transient weakness. As soon as he was rested he testified that the Word of God was in his heart, as a burning fire shut up in his bones. He could not refrain from preaching the truth. He could not contain the truth which must be spoken. He had to do it, although it made him sometimes wish that he had never been born.

The uselessness of all such opposition to the truth, appears in this lesson. They complained of the prophet for telling them of the coming danger; but it came, and they humbly followed their conqueror into captivity. Their refusal to believe did not kill the truth.

The way to avoid the evil effects of such persecution, manifested in the smiting with the tongue, and in derision and falsehood, is to be always full of work for God and his Church. Spurgeon lately gave a quaint illustration of this truth. Without trying to quote his exact words, his thought was this: A dog loves to be noticed; but when he is running with all his might after game, he does not care whether he is noticed or not. So those who are doing all they can for Christ do not trouble themselves about these persecutions.

CHRISTIAN ENDEAVOR.

Prayer Meeting Topic For Week Beginning February 28, 1892.

BY REV. DR. W. D. WILLIAMS.

Subject.—"A good man in trouble. Why?" (Jer. xxxvii: 15–21.)

Good men sometimes get into trouble, as did Jeremiah, by simply doing their known duty. But to toil up the Via Dolorosa for the sake of being pointed at as a sufferer may not be commendable. Christ said to his immediate followers, "In the world ye shall have tribulation," and people have sometimes thought that unless they, too, have tribulation, they may not be the accredited disciples of him who was reviled, condemned, crucified. But the character of Christ is unique in its many-sidedness, its completeness, its perfect harmony and balance of qualities; and it is as impossible for men to suffer as he suffered as it is for them to love as he loves. Nor is it contemplated by the Word of God that the tribulations of one generation of believers shall be the tribulations of every generation. The central idea of the Christian life is to please God and to be able to say, with Christ, "My meat is to do the will of him that sent me." If this involves scorn, contempt, insult and suffering, we should endure it for Christ's sake. (I Pet. ii: 21; John xvii: 15; Ephes. iii: 20, 21.)

Tribulation produces sympathy. He who has never known a sorrow, rarely feels the kindling life of sympathy and pity. "In that he himself hath suffered, being tempted." He is able to succor them that are tempted. The Christian mother who has lost a dear child is best fitted to comfort the sorrowing mother whose heart is well-nigh broken by a similar dispensation. Our tribulations are the price we pay for our ability to sympathize. Israel's aged king sweeps the harp strings with his trembling fingers as he says in the depths of tribulation, "He restoreth my soul," and he brings to every depressed child of God words of heavenly comfort.

Bishop Simpson tells us that when he was climbing one of the pyramids of Egypt, about half way up his strength gave out. He thought he should never reach the apex or get back to the base. At that crisis, kind Arab hands drew him up farther. Step by step, aided thus, he ascended and reached the summit. Life's journey is a climb. Some are feeble; let the strong reach down a brother's hand and help the weaker brother up. There are afflicted ones; sorrowing ones; tempted ones—trying, falling; trying, failing; trying, desponding. Our mission is not only to endure tribulation ourselves; but, having endured and triumphed, help those who are in bondage to peace and freedom in Christ.

"Human hearts are harps divinely strung
And framed diversely, waiting for the power
Of kindred souls, and on each chord is hung
A wondrous power of song and glory
Which, if only touched aright,
Would fill the world with light."

(Rom. xv: 2; Ps. cxlviii: 12; Prov. iii: 12: Job v: 17; Prov. iii: 11; Phil. iv: 19).

The best in a man may be that which is most condemned by those who have not attained to his goodness. Men of God have suffered great tribulation in this way. In every contest for truth, in every struggle for reform, some true servant of God has suffered tribulation. Stormy and troubled has been the course of righteousness in every age. Difficult and arduous has been the task of the man after God's own heart in every era. But tribulation of this kind has always been succeeded by victory; and, in the individual life, the lofty heroism of self-forgetfulness and trust has imparted to the troubled heart the transcendent moral beauty of the living Christ. It is manifest in his every endeavor, and illumines his countenance with unconscious kindness.

"There every virtue set its triumph seal,
Wisdom combined with truth and radiant grace,
In a bright copy heaven to reveal
And stamp perfection on a mortal face."

(Eccles. vii: 14; Ps. lxxxix: 30–33; Heb. xii: 11.)

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The Future.

What may we take into the vast Forever?
That marble door
Admits no fruit of all our long endeavor,
No fame-wreathed crown we wore,
No garnered lore.

What can we bear beyond the unknown portal?
No gold, no gains
Of all our toiling; in the life immortal
No hoarded wealth remains,
Nor gilds, nor stains.

Naked from out that far abyss behind us
We entered here;
No word came with our coming to remind us
What wondrous world was near—
No hope, no fear.

Into the silent, starless night before us
Naked we glide;
No hand has mapped the constellations o'er us,
No comrade at our side,
No chart, no guide.

Yet, fearless toward that midnight black and hollow,
Our footsteps fare;
The beckoning of a Father's hand we follow—
His love alone is there,
No curse, no care.

—*Augusta C. Winthrop.*

STORY OF HOW ONE PEASANT SAVED TWO GENERALS.

BY SHCHEDRIN (SALTYKOV).

Once upon a time there lived two generals, and, as they were both extremely frivolous, one day—would you believe it?—in the twinkling of an eye they found themselves upon a desert island. These generals had served all their lives in some sort of registration office, where they had been born, had grown up, and had become old. Therefore they had no comprehension of anything. They even knew no words except: "Permit me to assure you of my most profound respect and devotion."

"The registration office, being quite unnecessary, was abolished, and the generals were turned loose. Remaining unattached, they settled in St. Petersburg, in Pettifogging street, in separate flats, each receiving a pension and keeping a female cook. And, now, suddenly, they woke up on a desert island, both lying under the same blanket. At first, of course, they could not understand, and began talking as if nothing had happened:

"I've had a strange dream, your excellency," said one general; "I thought I was living on a desert island——."

He got so far, and suddenly started. The other general jumped up, too.

"Heavens! What is it? Where are we?" they both shrieked. Then they began pinching each other, to see whether this strange adventure was actual or a dream. But, however hard they tried to persuade themselves that it was nothing but an illusion, they were forced to recognize the sad reality.

On one side of them stretched the sea, on the other side lay a small piece of land, beyond which extended the same boundless sea. The generals burst into tears for the first time since the closing of the registration office. They began to inspect one another, and perceived that they were in their night-shirts, but each with a medal on his breast.

"I think it would be nice to have coffee now," remarked one general; then, remembering what an unheard-of catastrophe had happened, he again burst into tears.

"What in the world *are* we to do?" he continued through his tears. "If we were to write a report now, do you think any good would come of it?"

"I'll tell you what," said the other general; "you go eastwards, your excellency, and I'll go westwards, and in the evening we'll meet again in this spot, and perhaps we shall have come upon something." The next thing was to find the east and west. They remembered that one day their director had said: "If you want to find the east stand facing the north, and the desired quarter will be on your right hand." So they began to look for the north; they stood this way and that way; but having spent their lives in the office, they could find nothing.

"I have it, your excellency! You go to the right and I'll go to the left; that's the way," said one general, who, besides serving in the office, had been master of caligraphy in a school for soldiers' children, and therefore had a little more sense.

No sooner said than done. One general went to the right and saw trees growing, and on the trees all kinds of fruit. The general wanted to pick at least one apple, but they hung out of his reach. He tried to climb, but the only result was that he tore his night-shirt. The general went on and came to a stream. It was swarming with fish, like the breeding inclosure on the Fontanka [a canal in St. Petersburgh].

"Oh dear! If I had all that fish in Pettifogging street!" thought the general, and his mouth watered with longing. The general then entered a wood, and there were woodcock calling and partridges whirring, and hares running about.

"Oh, Lord! What a lot of food there is here!" exclaimed the general, beginning to feel quite sick with hunger. There was nothing for it; he came back to the rendezvous with empty hands. The other general was already there, waiting.

"Well, your excellency, have you found anything?"

Yes, I've found an old copy of the *Moscow Gazette*, that's all."

The generals lay down for the night, but they were too hungry to sleep. Now they would grieve over the thought that some one else was receiving their pensions, now they would remember the fruit and fish, the woodcock, partridges and hares that they had seen during the day.

"Who would have thought, your excellency, that human food, in its elementary form, flies, swims and grows on trees?" said one general.

"Yes," answered the other, "I confess that up till now I always supposed that loaves of bread grow just as one gets them in the morning with coffee."

"Then I suppose that if a man wants snipe for dinner, say, he has to catch it first, and kill it, and pluck and roast it; only *how* is one to do all that?"

"How is one to do it?" echoed the other.

They left off talking and tried to go to sleep, but hunger kept them awake. Woodcock, turkeys, sucking-pigs danced before their eyes, fat and juicy, lightly browned, surrounded with cucumbers and all kinds of salad.

"I declare, I'm ready to eat my own boot!" exclaimed one general.

"Gloves are not bad either, if they are well-worn and greasy," sighed the other.

Suddenly the generals looked at each other; an ominous light flashed in their eyes; they gnashed their teeth and a dull roar burst from their throats. They began slowly creeping up to one another, and in a single instant the rage of a wild beast awoke in both of them. Tufts of hair flew in all directions; shrieks and moans resounded; the general who had been a teacher of caligraphy bit off the other one's medal and instantly swallowed it. But the sight of streaming blood soon brought them to their senses.

"Powers of light! defend us!" they cried simultaneously; "in a minute we should have devoured one another!"

"How did we ever get here? Who is the villain that has played this cruel trick upon us?"

"Your excellency, we must start some conversation to distract our thoughts, or there will be murder done between us," said one general.

"Begin then," answered the other.

"Let me see. . . . What do you suppose is the reason that the sun first rises and then sets, instead of doing the opposite?"

"What a strange man your excellency is! Why, you yourself first get up, and then go to the department to write, and then go to bed."

"But why should not the process be reversed? Why should I not first go to bed, and then have all sorts of dreams, and then get up?"

"H'm . . Yes . . I confess though, that when I served in the department, I always used to think: It's morning now, and there'll be all the day, and then I shall have supper, and then it will be bed-time." But the allusion to supper affected both of them with melancholy, and the conversation broke off.

"I have heard from a certain doctor that man can live for a long time on his own gastric juices," began again one of the generals.

"How so?"

"Yes, indeed. It apppears that the gastric juices produces other juices, which, in their turn, produce other juices, and so on, until at last the process stops."

"And then?"

"Then it is necessary to take some nourishment."

"Oh! confound it."

In short, whatever subject of conversation the generals chose, they always came round to the question of food; and this only made their hunger still sharper. They decided to leave off talking, and, remembering the copy of the *Moscow Gazette*, set to work to read it. "Yesterday," read out one general in an agitated voice, "a magnificent banquet was given by the highly respected grand prefect of our ancient capital. Dinner was served, with bewildering splendor, for a hundred persons. The treasures of all lands seemed to have found a rendezvous at this fairy festival. Here, side by side with the 'golden sturgeon' from the north, was the native of the Caucasian forests, the pheasant, and the strawberry, so rare in our northern climate in the month of February——."

"Hang it all! really, your excellency, can't you find anything else to read about!" exclaimed the other general in desperation; and, snatching the paper, he started at another place.

"A correspondent from Touly writes: 'Yesterday, on the occasion of the catching of a sturgeon in the river Oupa (an event which has not occurred before within the memory of the oldest inhabitants—especially as the commissary of police, Mr. B., was recognized in the sturgeon), a festival was held in the town club. The hero of the occasion was brought in upon a huge wooden dish, surrounded with cucumbers, and holding in his mouth a bunch of green leaves. Dr. P., whose turn it was to preside, took great care that each guest should receive his due share; the sauces were of the most varied kinds, and even fantastic in their abundance——.'"

"Excuse me, your excellency, it seems to me that you are not too particular in your choice of reading," interrupted the other general, taking the paper in his turn, and beginning:

"A correspondent from Viatka writes: 'One of the oldest inhabitants of our town gives us the following original receipt for fish soup. Take a live turbot, and flog him. When his liver becomes enlarged from grief and shame——.'"

The heads of the generals drooped. Wherever they turned, everything spoke to them of food. Their own thoughts conspired against them; for, however hard they tried to drive away the haunting image of beef-steaks, the idea forced itself again and again upon the mental vision.

Suddenly the one who had taught caligraphy was struck with an inspiration. "Your excellency!" he cried, joyfully, "supposing we find a peasant?"

"How do you mean——a peasant?"

"Why, yes; an ordinary peasant, just like peasants always are. He'd find us loaves, and catch game, and fish for us, at once!"

"H'm . . . a peasant? . . . But where are you to get him, when there isn't any peasant?"

"Isn't any peasant? There are peasants everywhere; all you have to do is to find them. I'm sure there must be one hiding somewhere, sneaking away from his work."

This idea was so encouraging to the two generals that they instantly jumped up and started off to hunt for a peasant. For a long time they wandered about the island without success. But at last the pungent smell of chaff bread and undressed-sheepskin gave them a clue. Under a tree, lying on his back, with his head on his arm, was a gigantic, sturdy, fellow, fast asleep, and neglecting his work in the most shameless manner. The indignation of the two generals knew no bounds.

"Asleep, you lazy rascal!" they shrieked at him; "lying here and taking no notice, when two generals are dying of hunger since yesterday morning. Up with you, and get to work at once."

The man got up. He saw that the generals were severe. He would have given them the slip if he could, but they set at him tooth and nail, and actually stiffened, hanging on to him. Then he began to work. First of all he climbed into a tree and picked them a score of the ripest apples, taking one sour one for himself. Then he began digging in the ground and dug up some potatoes. Then he took two pieces of wood, rubbed them together and made a fire. Then he pulled out some of his own hair, made a snare of it, and caught a woodcock. Finally, he blew up the fire, and cooked such a quantity of various provisions that it even occurred to the two generals—should they not give the lazy drone a little for his trouble?

The generals looked on at all the peasant was doing for them, and their hearts grew merry. They quite forgot that yesterday they had been almost dead with hunger, and only thought, "How nice it is to be a general; one can get on anywhere."

"Are you satisfied, your excellencies?" asked the lazy peasant.

"Quite satisfied, my good fellow; we see you are doing your best," answered the generals.

"Then may I go and rest now, if you please."

"Very well, my man; only make a rope first."

The peasant instantly went and gathered some wild hemp, soaked it in water, threshed it, rubbed it, and by the evening the rope was ready. With this rope the generals tied him to a tree, lest he should run away, and then lay down to sleep.

Day after day passed, and the peasant grew so skillful that he even learned how to boil soup for them in the hollow of his hand. Our generals grew round and puffy, and pink and while, and contented. They used to remark to each other that here they were, living cost free, with all found, and meanwhile their pensions were, no doubt, accumulating and accumulating in St. Petersburg.

"What do you think, your excellency, was there really a Tower of Babel, or was it only tradition?" one general would say to the other after lunch.

"I think, your excellency, that it must have been real; because otherwise how can we explain the existence of different languages?"

"Then there was a deluge, too?"

"There certainly was a deluge; because otherwise how can you explain the existence of antediluvian animals? Besides, the *Moscow Gazette*——"

"Ah! bye the bye, let's read the *Moscow Gazette*."

Then they would take the old copy, sit down in the shade, and read, from the first page to the last, about what people ate it Moscow, what they ate in Toula, what they ate in Penza-and, it didn't make them feel bad at all—one bit.

* * * * *

It was all very well; but after a bit the generals got bored. They began to think oftener and oftener of the cooks they had left behind them in St. Petersburg, and even cried a little in secret.

"I wonder what is happening now in Pettifogging street, your excellency?" one of them would say.

"Oh! don't talk about it, your excellency; it makes my heart ache," the other would answer.

"This is a very nice place to live in, certainly; very nice; but all the same you know . . . and then I miss my uniform."

"I should just think so; especially a general's uniform; the braiding on it is enough to turn one's head."

So they began to worry the peasant. Nothing would do but that he must take them home to Pettifogging street. And what do you think? It turned out that the peasant knew Pettifogging street, and that he had been there, and had drunk mead there that had run down his beard, and not into his mouth.

"But we are from Pettifogging street!" exclaimed the generals in delight.

"And I; perhaps you may have seen a man in a basket hung by a rope down the front of a house, painting the wall, or walking along the roof like a fly. Well, I was that man," said the peasant.

And he began thinking over what he could do to make his generals happy, because they had been so kind to a lazy, common fellow like him, and had not disdained to accept his work. And he built a ship—that is, not a real ship, but, at the same, a craft that was fit to cross the ocean, and take them right to Pettifogging street.

"Take care, though, you villain, that you don't drown us!" said the generals, when they saw the vessel rocking on the waves.

"No fear, your excellencies! I've had to deal with a boat before," answered the peasant, and began to make preparations for the voyage. First of all, he gathered swans' down, and lined the bottom of the boat with it. When that was done, he laid the generals on the swans' down, made the sign of the cross, and started off. How frightened the generals were at the storms and winds they met with on the voyage, and how they abused the peasant for his laziness, no pen can write and no tongue can tell. But the peasant went on rowing, and rowing, and fed his generals with herrings:

And now, at last, they came to our mother Neva, and to dear Catherine Canal, and to Great Pettifogging street! The cooks clasped their hands in amazement when they saw how plump and rosy and jolly their generals had grown! The generals breakfasted on coffee and rolls, and put on their uniforms. Then they drove to the Treasury, and brought home with them such a lot of money as no pen can write and no tongue can tell.

But they did not forget the peasant. They sent him out a glass of whiskey and 6d. "Enjoy yourself, my good man!"—*Free Russia.*

Household.

HOME HINTS.

Beeswax and salt will make rusty flat-irons smooth.

Raisins ought to be stoned and halved for pudding.

Cleanliness is imperative in moulds and pudding cloths.

The mother's kitchen is the girl's best cooking-school.

Care must be taken to mix batter puddings smooth.

Avoid all pickles which are brilliant in color.

Flour all fruit when mixing, and it will not settle in cooking,

Tarnished paint way be cleaned by rubbing with a cloth wet with kerosene.

To beat eggs quickly add a pinch of salt. Salt cools, and cold eggs froth rapidly.

Soap lasts much longer if it is bought by the quantity, cut in squares and kept in a dry place to harden.

Mildewed linen may be restored by soaping the spots, and while wet covering them with powdered chalk.

The marrow in bones should be scraped out and used for cooking. It is more delicate for this purpose than suet.

To keep salt dry for table use mix a teaspoonful of cornstarch with one cupful of salt.—*Home and Country.*

TURKEY SOUP.—Take the bones and scraps left from roast turkey or chicken, or any kind of game. Scrape the meat from the bones, and lay aside any nice pieces, no matter how small. Remove all the stuffing, and keep that by itself. Break the bones, and pack them closely in a kettle. Cover with cold water; add one small onion, sliced, one teaspoon of salt, and a little pepper. Simmer two or three hours, or until the bones are clean. Strain and remove the fat. Put the liquor on to boil again, and add for every quart of liquor one cup of cold meat, cut into small pieces, and half a cup of the stuffing. Or, omit the stuffing and thicken the soup with flour. Simmer till the meat is tender, and serve at once. If there is a much larger proportion of meat and stuffing left, use it in making scalloped turkey or croquette. This is much better than to boil meat, bones and stuffing together. In that case the stuffing absorbs the oil, and gives a very strong, disagreeable flavor to the soup.—*From Mrs. Lincoln's Boston Cook Book.*

CONGREGATIONAL DIRECTORY.

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FIRST CHURCH—Southeast corner Post and Mason streets. Sunday services, 11 A.M. and 7:30 P. M.; Sunday-school, 12:30; Chinese school, 6 P. M. Prayer-meeting, Wednesday, 7:30 P. M.

PLYMOUTH CHURCH—Post street, between Buchanan and Webster. Rev. W. D. Williams, D.D., Pastor; residence, 1719 Post street. Sunday services, 11 A. M. and 7:30 P.M.; Sunday-schools at 9·30 A.M. and 12:30 P. M.; Christian Endeavor, 6.30 P. M. Prayer-meeting, Wednesday, 7:30 P. M.

THIRD CHURCH—South side Fifteenth St., between Valencia and Mission. Rev. F. B. Pullan, Pastor; residence, 117 Capp street. Sunday services, 11 A. M. and 7:30 P. M.; Sunday-school, 12:30 P. M. Prayer-meeting. Wednesday, 7:30 P. M.

FOURTH CHURCH — South side Green street, between Stockton and Powell streets. Rev. H. H. Wikoff, Pastor. Sunday services, 11 A. M. and 7:30 P. M.; Sunday-school. 12:30 P. M. Prayer-meeting, Wednesday, 8 P. M.

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OLIVET CHURCH—Southwest corner Seventeenth and Noe streets. Rev. H. Hammond Cole, Pastor; residence, 309 Sanchez street. Sunday services, 11 A. M. and 7:30 P. M.; Sunday-school, 12:30 P. M.; Young People's Meeting, 6:45 P.M. Prayer-meeting, Wednesday, 7:30 P. M.

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Wednesday, February 17, 1892.

The Salvation Army men and women receive and deserve the appreciation of most people who see that they are reaching many classes and conditions that are not reached by any other form of Christian organization. As long as they are doing so much good, what matter whether we like or do not like all their way of doing it? Nevertheless, it may matter. See how the question comes up when it is suggested that General Booth may appoint, not one of his sons, but a daughter to succeed him as head of the extensive movement now under his absolute control. Is it the right and safe thing for any one, be the person man or woman, to possess and transmit such authority? Not even the Pope can name his own successor. Taking men as men are, is it likely that this sort of succession can survive the temptation consequent on large undertakings and large incomes? It cannot be doubted that a man like Ben Tillet appreciates Gen. Booth's mammoth scheme for relieving depressed labor in London. Yet, evidently, his eye is not blind to this side of the scheme. "I would," he says, "go so far as to say that were the system of Gen. Booth to be carried out in its entirety, and entirely absorbed under an autocratic government, the cure would be worse than the disease."

In an interesting account of the Moravian missions in Alaska, which numbers now two stations, at each of which are five missionaries, deserved mention is made of the fact that the pioneer and hero of the work there is a full-blooded Indian, descended from a Delaware sachem, whose child was baptized by the Moravians in Pennsylvania more than a century ago. Our Alaska missionary is a great-grandson of that child. He went to labor for the Esquimaux in 1885. In 1888, eight had been gathered into the church. On a Good Friday previous, as the story was told how "Christ died for our sins, according to the Scripture," some of the older men exclaimed, "Thanks! We, too, desire to have our badness taken away by that blood." Two lads have been sent for education to Carlisle, Pa. Two others have already been commissioned as lay evangelists. The old tribe of the Delawares, that once was numerous, has been reduced to a mere remnant of families, now residing in Ottawa, Kansas; but John Henry Kilbuck and his wife are doing self-denying service far away from the home of their ancestors.

On the first day of December last the young Emperor of China began the study of the English language. Two young men who have studied the language in the College at Peking, of which the Rev. Dr. Martin is President, have been appointed his tutors. A missionary in Shanghai has been requested to select a permanent instructor, thoroughly qualified for the high post. This is a very significant event. The example of the court must lead to still further introduction of Western learning among the literati. Very likely this may intensify the hostile feeling of that conservative element which has been lately so busy in circulating slanders against Christianity and foreigners. But the mighty mass of society in China has received leaven, and the leaven is working and must work. Our missionary forces should be greatly increased in the Empire; especially, liberal outlays will be needed in the direction of first-class collegiate institutions. It is evident, also, as the leading statesmen there receive the ideas and sciences of the great Christian nations, they will, more and more, expect to be treated diplomatically with respect. Our Congress would do well to bear this in mind.

It was telegraphed that when a certain story was reported to Secretary Blaine as circulating concerning him he declared that it was a lie, and he was not content with the noun, either. The adjective he used was intense. It was not more intense than what James says, when he declares that the tongue is "set on fire by hell." Whether it is necessary as a general habit to use strong epithets of indignation may admit of debate. But intense reprobation of the prevalent idle and unscrupulous gossip about public men is greatly needed. Lyman Abbott affirmed the other day that a man might keep all the Ten Commandments, and yet in in our advanced Christian society we should not care to associate with him. He would not be in good form now. Well, however that may be, we are decidedly of the opinion that if half of our newsmongers would observe one commandment, "Thou shalt not bear false witness against thy neighbor," say during the remaining months of the national election year, there would be a great moral advance. Really, delicate veracity is becoming a lost art.

One of the noticeable things in many California churches is the poor appreciation which many solid members of the congregation have of the enterprises of the kingdom to which they belong. They may be doing a big business on the street, but there is no business in their estimate of missions or Christian education. How can that large appreciation come to be? The story is told of the late Robert Stuart, that he was present at the meeting called to start the Presbyterian Board of Missions. He was a young man, but he subscribed $500. When he came home, Alexander, his brother, and Mrs. Stuart, his wife, were amazed and afraid at his profuseness. Yet, the time came when those two brothers gave $50,000 each year to foreign, and the same sum to home missions! They began giving early, and increased in knowledge and gifts. This was the way that Mrs. Stuart came to the point at which she lately poured five millions into the charities of the Church she loved.

The Baptist churches are many and strong in this country. They stand on the authority of the written Word, and emphasize the liberty of the soul in interpreting it. They are held together by the strong, if elastic, bond of fellowship. Yet the elasticity does not quite suffice to make it easy for all those who minister in the pulpits. The fact is that there is a large knot in the bond, and that is at the point where the doctrine of immersion is exaggerated. The wonder is not that men like Dowling, Behrends, Kincaid, Bridgeman, and now this week, Robinson of Brooklyn and Moxom of Boston should withdraw, but that so many others of equal breadth should remain loyal and happy in the same exclusive connections. That must be a denomination thoroughly persuaded in its own mind that can lose so many of its very first leaders, and yet go right on as if little had happened. "It is of the wave, and not the rock."

In 1876, when the question of opening on the Sabbath the Centennial Exhibition at Philadelphia was brought before the Commissioners, the vote stood thirty against and nine for opening. That was such a majority as put the matter to rest. There were two men in the Commission whose attitudewas commanding—Joseph R. Hawley of Connecticut and George H. Corliss of Rhode Island. Is it too much to hope that the World's Fair will be as effective an object-lesson to the nations of the American reverence for the Lord of the Sabbath?

Nazareth, the place of our Lord's home, is a point where the proposition of "one church in a town" suggests itself by contrast. We are told it has a population of seven thousand. The Latins have four churches; the Maronites, one; orthodox Greeks, four; Protestants, one; and the synagogue in which Christ is claimed to have taught is held by the United Greeks. The Moslems have five Mosques. We wonder how Jesus feels when he thinks of Nazareth! And the Nazareths are many in the Christian world.

The next movement in England for co-operation and union among the churches is the meeting at Manchester of representatives of the non-conformists in all evangelical branches. This movement seems to have been initiated in a gathering of friends at the house of an eminent Wesleyan laymen, who bears the name and perpetuates the family of that famous Methodist, Jabez Bunting. The convener of the coming Congress is our Congregational brother, whom his brethren delight to honor—Dr. Alex McKennal.

When those who hold the Christian positions in their commonly received form are told that all the great scholars have parted company with them, it may not be amiss to recall what Dr. Broadus is reported to have replied to Professor Ladd of New Haven: A manufacturer of baking powder advertised that all first-class grocers kept it on sale. But who are the first-class grocers? "Those who keep my baking powder."

NEWS FROM THE SUNNY SOUTH.

DEAR EDITORS: Rev. E. H. Bickford of Compton recently held a series of revival meeting in the East Los Angeles Congregational Church (Rev. D. L. Jenkins, pastor), which we understand were very successful.

The Olivet Church (Rev. F. A. Field, pastor) has been undergoing some needed repairs. Rev. L. H. Frary, our dear brother at Pomona, has been taking a few courses of the "grip," and now is not able to do full work. It never pays to be too styish, we had one course and so far have not yet felt the least inclination to call for the next, however the waiter may bring it; but we will not eat it, if such an operation can be avoided.

The Pomona College is making wonderful progress. It is one of greatest blessings of Southern California. It has a wonderful future, and we earnestly hope that all its possibilities may be realized.

We attended a committee meeting in Pasadena yesterday. The people are talking a good bit about Brother Staats over there, and he ought to be a little careful. His church (the North Congregational) was some few hundred dollars in debt; the windstorm almost demolished it, and now, only a few weeks after, they have a better church-building, carpeted, seated and all paid for, with some money on hand. Usually, ministers are "talked about" when such things happen.

Last Monday it was cold and rainy, and we found Brother D. D, Hill toasting his feet before a gas-heater in his cosy study. Brother Hill is known as the young men's friend, and no young pastor can be found about here that does not think kindly of him. We are glad to know that the work of his church is prospering.

Rev. E. E. P. Abbott lectured at Pomona College not long ago, and one of the students wrote us saying, "It was just fine."

Rev. A. K. Johnson, formerly from Oceanside, has gone to Bakersfield and Sumner to take charge of our work there. We were at Bakersfield not long since, and we would bespeak for our brother the prayers of all good people. The reins have fallen to him in a "tough place."

Rev. H. P. Case was in Pasadena last Sabbath, and is now in San Diego looking after Sunday-school work.

The first convention of the Los Angeles County Y. P. S. C. E. has been called for Friday, February 26th, at 10 o'clock A. M. in the First Presbyterian Church of Pasadena. A full programme has been arranged, and enthusiasm will run high.

LOS ANGELES. J. H. COLLINS.

BIBLE CAUSE.

Will the pastors receiving this programme of appointments of the District Superintendent for the American Bible Society please arrange for the meetings. Where it is not best for the churches to close for a Union Bible meeting on a Sabbath evening, said union meeting may be held on Wednesday evening following, and if the way is opened the District Superintendent will visit four churches on the Sabbath, occupying about five minutes at the opening and closing of two services morning and evening.

Programme: Whittier, Wednesday night, February 17th; Monrovia, Sabbath, February 21st; Santa Monica, Wednesday night, February 24th; Pasadena; Sabbath, February 28th; Santa Barbara, Sabbath, March 6th; Ventura, Union Meeting, Wednesday night, March 9th; University, Sabbath, 11 A. M., March 13th; Los Angeles, Sabbath, 7:30 P. M., March 13th; Los Angeles, Sabbath, March 20th.

The Bible Society does not ask for any given sum, but that the pastors and churches will give the cause a hearing, at this time especially when help is so much needed to prosecute this great world-wide work. Hoping that full arrangements will be made satisfactory to pastors and churches as per above programme, I am very truly yours, JOHN THOMPSON,

District Superintendent American Bible Society for California and Nevada.

P. S.—During the above tour my P. O. address: Care of Mr. Henry Thompson, 721 Myrtle avenue, Los Angeles, Cal.

SPOKES TO THE "HUB."

Quite a per cent. of the eloquence at Pilgrim Hall, February 1st, might have sang in German, "I'm a Pilgrim, and I'm a stranger; I can tarry, I can tarry but a" morn. Rev. G. R. W. Scott gave his impressions of the scholars and scholarships of Germany, where he has spent considerable time. The opinion is ventured that not half of his audience ever heard before half of the names introduced. The following sentences are chiefly quotations from German professors:

There can be no Protestant religion without criticism. The Southern blood is warmer than Northern, and makes more poetic thinkers and preachers. The worship at Heidleberg is not particularly charged with spirituality, and earnestly spiritual and evangelical men avoid it. One group of professors were said to be all non-smokers. One scholar makes a distinction between the scientific study of the Bible and the study of it for spiritual improvement—a thing, Dr. Scott remarked, the Anglo-Saxon mind seems incapable of doing.

There are German theologians who invent theories, and then make assumptions to support them—a pattern, the writer fancies, that some of our American higher critics follow. The age should conform to the Bible, and not the Bible to the age. Knowledge should not try to dominate experience. There is no better place than Berlin for high thinking and plain living.

A professor in the University there, speaking of an American theological book, said, "I don't object so much to what the writer says, as to the nasty way in which he says it." Whatever their theories, the preaching of the professors in Berlin is scriptural; and, under the influence of the young ruler, piety is coming to the front in Germany. There is the most Christian activity in the nation where there is freedom for all forms of religion.

One of the functions of German scholarship seems, to the writer, to be that of the ancient whale that swallow the message of the Lord to the impenitent, and the floundering fellow appears to have a growing number of admirers, some of whom, according to the precedent cited, ought also to be whale-d.

If Dr. Lyman Abbott, so eminent a resultant of the "Evolution of Christianity," "has fallen a hundred times" a year, as already spoke-n, it would seem comparatively easy for him to conceive that Adam, in the crude and and morally monkeyish condition in which he is inclined to place him, may have fallen heavily once, without ability to recover himself—a fact that may account for the Doctor's falling proclivity that, after all, may not differ much from a "fallen state."

At a recent meeting in Paine Memorial Hall, Tom Paine, on the anniversary of his birth, was lauded, and a high tribute was paid to Darwin's evolution theory and the ancestral ape, and the question was raised: "Why treat the monkey with contempt?" Let Dr. Abbott answer, who said in one of his recent lectures, "I would as soon trace back my descent to an ape as to a mud man." Why not adopt a more artful theory, and suppose that the most skillful of those ape-ing progenitors of scientific men carved a beautiful marble statue as a type of the coming man, so faultless and perfect that the Lord said unto these prophetic mammals, "Well done, good and skillful servants; I accept your *litho-man-cy*, and make it a living soul!" And then and there, standing beside a stagnant pool, filled with tadpole life, began at the lower extremities and ascended to the intellectual man. No records of an ape redacteur have come down to us. One fact appears—he dropped the tail!

The writer, after reading Dr. Seelye's article with regard to "The Wolf Boy," in the *Congregationalist* of February 4th, and before, would sooner believe that the ape is a lost and degenerate child of man than that man is a regenerate ape.

The following is the first of a number of stanzas evoluted by S. P. Putman, for the Paine Hall meeting:

"There is no God,
There is no Ghost,
No great white throne,
No heavenly host."

That, perhaps, is much the way the early apes felt, though "the ox knoweth his owner and the ass his Master's crib." A word picture of an interview with the late Horace Seaver, who shared in the honors of the last named meeting, for so long a time editor of the *Investigator*, and a strenuous opposer of revealed religion, is here attempted.

During Mr. Moody's tabernacle work in Boston, the writer attended the meetings, especially those held in the evening, and followed by inquiry meetings in the Clarenden-street Baptist church, located near the great tabernacle. One evening, when about to take my accustomed seat on one of the main aisles, in front of, and about two-thirds of the way back from, the platform, the chief usher approached, and, pointing to a man who was just passing down the aisle towards the platform, in a low tone, said: "Do you know who that man is?" "No," was the reply. "That is old Seaver of the *Investigator*," said he. The location of the seat of the noted visitor was observed. Mr. Moody's sermon was of Christ, the only Redeemer, and the singing was of gospel hymns led by Mr. Sankey. After the service, Mr. Seaver's coming up the aisle was awaited with interest and purpose to greet a fancied giant of infidelity. When most of the crowd had passed out, a man of medium height, quite stout, with somewhat rounded shoulders, a large head, with bushy, gray hair, perhaps sixty-five years old, advanced slowly up the aisle, and was met with, "Good evening, sir. I believe this is Mr. Seaver." he assented. "How did you like the service?" was asked. "Oh, there have been forty Christs; * I came in to hear the singing." He was not in much of a polemic moode.

After a little conversation with regard to Christian faith and gospel truth, referring to professed disciples of Christ, he said: "I am sure I should be glad to feel as these people say they feel; for most of my kindred are gone, and I am left nearly alone in the world. It would certainly be very gratifying to me could I feel that by and by I shall join the companionship of friends who have passed from my sight."

How his heart seemed to crave the very blessings promised to the friends of the Saviour whom he denied before the eyes of men! We went out of the great building, as empty as his hungry soul, and walked forth and back, and talked upon the street between one and two hours. He did not dissent from the statement that he who robs Christ of his divinity takes from him the prerogative, the essential, of an honest man. If not what he claims himself to be, "the Light of the World," "the Bread of Life," with power to lay down his life and power to take it again, he is an impostor, a deceiver, or a crazy man. From time to time, in after years, we met on the street, and I said to him one foggy and rainy morning, "The light of *nature* is rather *dull* this morning, Mr. Seaver." In a rather low and gruff voice he said, "Yes." At another time he was playfully met with, "Your head, Mr. Seaver, is a little too strong for your heart." "With the heart man believeth unto righteousness." The last time we met it was on Fremont-street bridge, near Tom Paine Hall, in which was his editorial office. The writer finally said: "When you get to the jumping-off place, Mr. Seaver, I wish you would send for me, that I may see how your faith or want of faith stands by you on the brink." "Oh, that is no time to judge of a man," said he—"when he is sick and weak and full of pain." "I don't know about that," was the reply; "most any man can play holiday soldier, most any boat can safely float in fair weather, but the *test* of *the ship* is in the *storm*; if she can't weather that she will never reach the smooth sea arched by a fair sky beyond."

The seventy-fifth annual report of our City Missionary Society shows the receipts last year were $44,455; between eight and nine hundred copies of the Bible were distributed, 8,500 garments furnished to the poor, and employment found for 400 persons.

The New England Conservatory of Music reports an average yearly attendance of 2,000 pupils; average daily attendance, 1,100. Three hundred young ladies are provided with rooms and board in the institution. Yearly receipts, about $250,000. There is an effort being made to raise $150,000 to free the institution from a debt on which, during the past ten years, it is said, $150,000 interest money has been paid.

The following is the gist on an order by Manager Hain of the Manhattan Elevated Railway: "Owing to frequent complaints and claims for damages because of expectoration by tobacco users, any employe who indulges in the habit of tobacco chewing while on duty after the receipt of this order must find occupation elsewhere.

Want of space forbids the use of notes of Brother Hastings' witty, sarcastic, ironical, laughter-and-applause-provoking address at Pilgrim Hall on "The Mistakes of Moses." Ingersoll and other infidel critics were put in a bad light in a corner. Three Presbyterian pulpits of Boston fulminated last Sunday against some of the recent utterances in this city of Dr. Abbott, who does not go far enough to suit M. J. Savage, who said in his pulpit, Sunday, of the doctor: "He is a complete and consistent evolutionist with only one 'if'—his exception touches the nature of Jesus."

He holds the supernatural birth of Jesus; he tells us that the miraculous resurrection of Jesus is the one best authenticated fact of ancient history, and that our hopes of the future life depend entirely on the truth of this miraculous resurrection."

As for the second lecture of the season by Mr. Cook Monday noon—he is quite able to take care of himself in the presence of Dr. Abbott and the higher critics. BORAX.

BOSTON, Feb. 10, 1892.

Mrs. E. S. West was, until recently, the lady principal of Rutgers Female College. She professed the greatest piety. It was discovered that she was receiving payments for tuition and not accounting for them. The loss to the institution is said to be heavy.

PERSONAL LABOR.

BY REV. JOSEPH ROWELL.

In a former article on this theme I asserted a general decay of orthodoxy in our churches in regard to "the two vital doctrines of God's Word." I am sorry that that "the" crept into the phrase. I did not mean to assume the supremacy of these doctrines. The doctrines referred to are the deadly nature of sin, and the sure, unending doom of the impenitent.

These doctrines may be found in a majority of our creeds, but they are very rarely proclaimed in our pulpits, and when they are preached it is done so mincingly that the impression is unavoidable that the preacher does not half believe them. Too many of our preachers take their cue from the pews, and these do not like to be told of their sin and peril. I suppose, however, that the blame belongs as much to one as to the other. Old times have come round again; "The prophets prophesy falsely, and my people love to have it so"; and is not this, as Jeremiah calls it, "a horrible thing"? It is treachery to God, and to immortal souls.

Now, will any one challenge my assertion of the general decay of belief in these doctrines? If so, I ask him what means the silence of our pulpits regarding them? If our preachers believe them and do not preach them, they are very great criminals, since they hide God's message from the people. But in how many of the pulpits of this State are these truths clearly set forth as often as once in a year? In one in a hundred? I doubt it. All sorts of themes are announced in the secular papers for Sunday sermons, but these seldom or never. Now, we must believe our preachers are honest men, and so we are forced to feel that they do not really believe these doctrines true.

Nor does this decay appear in our pulpits only. It is seen in leading Christian publications, and heard in lectures, and everywhere. The old theologians made the sovereignty of God the foundation of Christian doctrine (I do not think they were quite right in this), but now the Fatherhood of God is made the center, and almost the sum, of all. And this Fatherhood, on inquiry, proves to be of a very weak human type. It makes God to sacrifice to blind mercy his justice, his righteousness, his wisdom, and his Word. An old infidel argument is often heard from the lips of professed Christians; viz., "I do not believe that a God of love would create beings that he knew would be damned." A well-known philanthropist says, "All the children belong to God." This is true in the sense that all the men and women belong to God, and in no other. If the sentiment is used in any other sense, it is a pestilent heresy, for these are, "*by nature*, children of wrath even as the rest." Yet the sentiment was applauded in a company of preachers.

There has come to pass a pretty general understanding among outsiders, not infidels only, but professed believers in Bible doctrines, that the Church has given up, or is fast giving up, faith in these old cardinal points; and how could this opinion become so general, except by the silence of the pulpit in regard to them. When our preachers neglect to declare these truths, the world is bound to understand that they do not believe them.

The old and true maxim says, "Actions speak louder than words," and James says, "I will shew thee my faith by my works." The Presbyterians have been very fearful lest some doctrines should be dropped from their creed; and in like circumstances other Christians would feel in the same way. But what is the use of having in a creed a doctrine that is never taught the people—a doctrine for show and not for use? A doctrine in the manual that never gets into the pulpit?

Or put it in this form: The preacher sees before him every Sunday, at the head of the pews, in all the aisles, well-known business men, who do not profess to have been "born again." Does he believe that these men are every moment in danger of the "fire that never shall be quenched"? Surely not, or he could not be such a coward and false friend as never to warn them of their peril.

Or thus: A moral, unconverted man dies, and at his funeral the preacher eulogizes him, and the people praise him; while, should some one say that because he died unregenerate he must have gone to hell, he would be regarded as a heartless monster.

All these things and many more show the truth of my assertion of a general decadence of orthodoxy in the Churches in regard to these two Bible truths. I have not space now to show the effect of this upon "personal work."

SAN FRANCISCO.

There is a vast difference between that wisdom which is "earthly, sensual, devilish," and that wisdom which is profitable to direct, which "is from above," and is "first pure, then peaceable, gentle, and easy to be entreated, full of mercy and good fruits, without partiality, and without hypocrisy." The former wisdom leads to perdition, and the latter leads to heaven.

Religious News.

PACIFIC COAST.

At the last Monday club, Rev. David Wirt gave a synopsis of a book by Dr. Wm. A. Matson, entitled "The Adversary: His Person, Power and Purpose—A Study in Satanology." At the next meeting the subject will be "The Congregational Club," to be opened by Rev. H. H. Wikoff.

At the Olivet church, Pastor Cole preached in the morning from II Cor. ix: 5–7, on "The Scripture Way of Giving," and then called for subscriptions for some alterations and an addition to the church edifice, which are made necessary by the growth of the Sunday-school and other work, and on the first call the $350 needed was all subscribed. It was then voted to make some further improvements at an additional cost of $50, and give those not present an opportunity to contribute and share in the move forward. The people are all very happy and much encouraged by their success.

Plymouth church held its usual monthly missionary concert last Wednesday evening. This concert is usually smaller than the regular prayer meeting, contrary to the experience in Plymouth-avenue church.

Rev. W. H. McDougall preached at Bethany church in the evening.

Rev. Dr. W. C. Pond preached in the chapel at Leland Stanford University last Sabbath.

Superintendent Wiard presented the cause of Home Mission in the Third Church in the morning.

The average attendance in the Sunday-school of the Third church last month was 345; the total collections of the Sunday-school for the month were $43.67.

Rev. Dr. McLean is in Southern California to recuperate, and Professor Nash had the service in the First church, Oakland.

The Plymouth-avenue church is accustomed to the monthly missionary concert on Wednesday evenings, when intelligence is given and a collection taken. This is better attended than the usual Wednesday evening prayer-meeting.

Rev. W. H. Cooke was with the Golden Gate church in the morning, and at the North Berkeley Sabbath-school in the afternoon.

Rev. Walter Frear preached at Alameda in the morning. Pastor Scudder was aiding Brother Cross at Saratoga.

One member was received to the Lorin church at the last Wednesday prayer-meeting.

Revs. Wirt, Senior and Junior, were together last Sabbath at Angel Island and Tiburon. There was a good attendance at night and some interest manifest. The ladies at Tiburon held an entertainment last week, which brought in $22 to furnish a church when it shall be built.

"Rescue Work" was the subject in the Berkeley church all day. In the morning, Pastor Hill preached on the "Woman Who Was a Sinner." In the evening, two ladies of the Salvation Army addressed the meeting, and a collection of $138 was taken for the Rescue Home, which the Salvation Army is establishing near Fruitvale.

Farmington, Wash., Rev. O. F. Thayer, pastor, are rejoicing in the welcoming peals of a pure bell-metal bell, secured for them through the efforts of Rev. Mrs. N. F. Cobleigh and Eastern friends. The good effects of the bell are already evident in a more prompt and punctual attendance at all the services. On Thursday, February 5th, a large number of the people within the church and without, crowded the parsonage to celebrate the pastor's birthday anniversary. He was out at the time. He returned in season to be received by his numerous and unexpected guests, and to accept their generous donations with an appropriate address. Farmington people are favored with an excellent minister, and know it.

A musical and social gathering in the First Congregational church at Tucson, Arizona, Thursday, February 4th, was one of the delightful seasons for which the society stands out proverbially. The large and handsome church, with adjoining room, was crowded with people brim full of sociability. The Treasurer has $53 more than she had Thursday noon. Under the pastorate of Rev. C. B. Carlisle, the work here is going upgrade. A delightful and impressive communion service followed on Sunday, at which two were added to the membership. The plan of holding communion at twilight Sunday evening is to be adopted in this Church. When the distribution of bread is made, each one retains the morsel in the finger till all are served, then, following the pastor, all partake at once. At the next communion, a few or many, as they may feel inclined, will repeat a verse or passage of Scripture during the serving of the wine. It is a helpful feature. COM.

A very pleasant fellowship and praise service was held in the Bethany church on Wednesday afternoon, February 10th. Quite a number came from the Byron church, nine miles distant, to the meeting. In the evening a rousing meeting was held in the Byron church. Superintendent Wiard and Sunday-school missionary Cooke gave stirring addresses on home missions and Sunday-school work. We shall be glad to see them often.

At the communion in Palermo last Sabbath two united with our church; one by letter and one on confession.

The past week has been devoted largely to missions by the church in Vacaville. The pastor gave a sermon, introductory to the "simultaneous" missionary services announced for the following day. For Monday, afternoon and evening services were announced, and four visiting brethren were expected. As none of them were present during the day (Monday), the afternoon service was omitted. On the evening train Superintendent Wiard arrived and gave a very fine address to a small audience. On Thursday afternoon, immediately after the close of the public schools, Dr. Pauline Root of Madura, India, spoke to about seventy children on India, to the great enjoyment and profit of every one who heard her. On Sunday, the 14th inst., the home missionary exercise, furnished by the A. H. M. S. was used, in part, at the morning service, and certificates of membership in the Boys and Girls' Home Missionary Army were issued. Dr. Root addressed the congregation on her work in India. Those who have heard her speak know that she deeply interests all who hear her.

EASTERN.

A great work of grace is in progress at Shenandoah, Iowa. All the churches unite.

Union meetings, conducted by Mr. L. P. Roland, were begun in Ottawa, Ill., January 31st.

January 17th, thirty-six were admitted to the Grand-avenue church, Muskegon, Mich.

January 29th, Bedford Park church, New York, was organized with seventeen members; more to follow.

The church in Madison, Wis., is enjoying a good degree of prosperity. The house, seating 1,000, is full.

At Pawtucket, R. I., February 2d, the new Lorraine church was recognized, with a membership of thirty-eight.

Major Cole has been conducting meetings over four weeks in Kansas City, and still the good work goes on with crowded houses.

Thirty were received into the church at Loraine, Ohio, on confession, at the last communion; more are to follow. There has been a great work in this town.

The new house of worship and parsonage of the church in Amboy, Ind., were burned January 31st. Loss, $3,500, which falls heavily on this new church.

Rev. Orville G. Wheeler died at Burlington, Vt., January 31st. He was ordained in 1840 at South Hero, Vt., and spent all his ministerial life with that church.

The church at Johnstown, Pa., is worshiping in the basement of its new house. It is still a struggle with this church, financially, though blessed spiritually. Twenty-eight united with the church January 28th.

STATISTICS OF CHURCHES FOR 1891.

Auburn—Rev. R. M. Tunnell, pastor; members, 66; added on confession, 5; total, 9; losses, 2; benevolence, $136; for home expenditures, $1,000.

Antioch—Rev. John W. Brier, pastor-elect; members, 30; added on confession, 2; total, 7; losses, 1; benevolence, $65; for home expenditures, $4,350.

Petaluma—Rev. W. W. Madge, pastor; members, 108; added on confession, 2; total, 14; losses, 0; benevolence, $218; for home expenditnres, $2,200.

Woodland—Rev. L. D. Bliss, pastor; added on confession, 12; total, 24; losses, 17; benevolence, $59; for home expenditures, $1,747.

Berkeley—Rev. C. W. Hill, pastor; members, 192; added on confession, 7; total, 11; losses, 9; benevolence, $371.

Porterville—Organized, November, 1891, pastorless; members, 5.

Angel's Camp—Rev. J. A. Thomas, pastor; members, 16; added on confession, 5; total, 7; loss, 1; benevolence, $12.

Martinez—Rev. C. N. Flanders, pastor; members, 54; added by letter, 6; total, 6; benevolence, $113; for home expenditures, $1,321.

Grass Valley—Rev. S. G. Emerson, pastor; members, 101; added on confession, 3; total, 5; losses, 4; benevolence, $805; for home expenditures, $1,742.

San Juan—Rev. M. J. Luark, pastor; members, 31; added, 0; loss, 1; benevolence, $83.

Lockeford—Rev. W. C. Stewart, pastor; members, 47; added on confession, 3; total, 4; benevolence, $68.

Sebastopol — Rev. Wm. Rogers, pastor; members, 27, added on confession, 4; total, 5; loss, 0; benevolence, $12.

Tipton—Rev. Wm. Gordon, pastor; members, 10; added, 0; losses, 3.

Galt—Rev. John Macdonald, pastor; members, 32; added, 0; losses, 3; benevolence, $23.

H. E. JEWETT,
Statistical Secretary.
VACAVILLE, Cal.

FROM PORTLAND, OREGON.

Next Thursday at 2:30 P. M. a council of churches will be held with the First church in this city for the purpose of ordaining H. F. Burgess, a graduate of Oberlin Theological Seminary, who, for several months past, has been assisting Superintendent Curtis in his State Sunday-school work. The public exercises will be held in the evening.

The Grand Encampment G. A. R. of Oregon was held in Salem last Thursday and Friday. Rev. T. E. Clapp was elected chaplain for the ensuing year.

Rev. Charles H. Curtis, Superintendent C. S. S. and P. S., went to Butteville, Marion county, yesterday, to look after Sunday-school interests there. A school was organized at this place, which is about thirty-five miles southwest of Portland, on the Willamette river, several months ago. Next Sunday Mr. Curtis will be at Glendale, Josephine county, 262 miles south of this city, on the Southern Pacific Railroad.

Last Wednesday evening a very enjoyable social gathering was held in the East Portland church. The special occasion of the assembly was that worshippers might select seats, so that they could be properly assigned to the parties selecting by the trustees. There will be no renting of pews; at least, there is no thought of that at the present time; but seats are given to all desiring them in obedience to an expressed wish by many, who, in thus having sittings, feel more at home than when occupying seats promiscuously. Last year the entire expenses of this church were met by voluntary offerings; that plan, succeeding so well, encouraged the trustees to try it again. The latter part of the evening was devoted to a good fellowship meeting, around tables groaning under the weight of one of the rare and bountiful lunches which the ladies of this church know so well how to provide.

The church at The Dalles, Rev. W. C. Curtis, pastor, is coming grandly up through great tribulation. They still worship in the courthouse. There is perfect harmony among the people, and their relations with the beloved pastor were never more cordial than now. The fiery trials they have passed through by the destruction of their beautiful and ample church home, have cemented more closely than ever the bonds of Christian love and affection. Without this inner union, there cannot be united and effective service. The Sundav-school is improving in numbers and influence. The Y. P. S. C. E. is doing a good work. The Thursday evening prayer-meetings are maintained from house to house. Not long since some of the young people desired to have a prayer and conference meeting with the pastor. About eight persons were expected to be present. To his surprise, there were seventeen. Some who have been earnest workers in times past have become estranged and dropped out entirely, but their places have been more than supplied. The prospects for this church were never brighter than now. The arrears in the pastor's salary, caused by the loss of property and business among the members by reason of the disastrous fire last summer, has been well nigh paid up. The money for the insurance on the church is in hand, and a new church will, doubtless, be erected during the next twelve months.

The Ladies' Aid Society of the Scappoose church gave a very pleasant entertainment on February 5th. Among the most interesting features were the exercises of the "Broom and Hoe Brigade," given by the young people of the community. The maneuvers were performed with military promptness and accuracy. All present enjoyed the unique performance to the fullest extent. The lunch baskets, which were sold in connection with the social, helped the ladies to realize the sum of $42. The purchaser of each basket was presented with a bouquet of lovely violets, sent expressly from Oakland, California. The general work of the church is progressing favorably, and the audiences are gradually increasing. Pastor Staub and his accomplished wife are very hopeful as to the future.

A genuine treat fell to the lot of all who attended the First Congregational church, of this city, this morning. The pastor gave way to Mr. John R. Mott, International College Secretary of the Y. M. C. A., who delivered an excellent and eloquent address, which was well calculated to arouse the attention and most earnest and prayerful thought of every Christian. It was a strong and compact statement of the necessity for the existence of the Y. M. C. A., and of the good results flowing from this line of Christian effort. The address was grouped about five plain facts, about which there was no controversy: (1) There were 13,000,000 young men in the United States; (2) only 1,000,000 of these were Christians; (3) 7,000,000 held themselves entirely aloof from Christian influences; (4) one-third of the boys who attended Sunday-school dropped out after they were fifteen years old; (5) as a uniform rule, according to the experience of the pastors with whom the speaker had conversed, it only required one-tenth the effort to win young women to Christ that it did yonng men. Were the old established agencies at fault? No; not by any any means. What was the explanation, then? The speaker believed it lay in the fact that Satan was making a more prodigious effort than ever before by means of three leading temptations—intemperance, gambling, impurity—with the multitude of minor evils following in their train. He demonstrated his position by forceful reasoning, and made a strong appeal for Association work, showing that every building for that purpose was a house of refuge for young men, and that no equipment was too good for so noble an object.

Mr. Mott just came down from Eugene, where he was successful in organizing a College Association in connection with the State University. He expressed himself greatly surprised that no properly equipped building was to be found in this city in which to carry on this invaluable work for young men.

General Secretary McCoy of your city, Mr. Mott and General Secretary Meyers of Tacoma, held a mass-meeting at Y. M. C. A. Hall this afternoon.

A union prayer-meeting will be held at Taylor-street M. E. church tomorrow evening, which will be the first of a series preparatory to the Mills' meetings, to begin March 12th. An effort will be made to mass the Christian workers of the city into a compact and aggressive force for thorough and persistent work under the direction of Mr. Mills.

Feb. 14, 1892. GEO. H. HIMES.

ANTIOCH.

About a month ago this church made an arrangement with the Rev. J. W. Brier, Senior, to occupy the pulpit until his son, Rev. J. W. Brier, Junior, should complete his year at Lodi, the church having extended to the latter a call. The old gentleman, already in his seventy-ninth year, has astonished the people of the town with the fire of his enthusiasm and the freshness of his thought, and the congregations, at first small, have increased from Sabbath to Sabbath, until the auditorium is comfortably filled both morning and evening, every Sabbath day, and an interest in vital piety is already beginning to deepen in the minds of old and young in the congregation. In the morning the reverend gentleman—reverend, indeed, in manner, in earnestness, in life—preaches a gospel sermon, and in the evening lectures on the "Evidences for the Authenticity and Genuineness of the Bible as a Reliable Guide to Faith and Practice." Last Sunday morning the church was treated to one of the most impressive sermons, on the "Nature and Needs of the Immortal Soul," and in the evening to a discourse upon the probabilities that man's very aspirations, his hopes, his moral nature, all point to a revelation from God that will satisfy these very qualities in his nature, and that such a revelation is probably found in the Bible. The fuller evidence, that such a revelation is indeed in the Bible, is to be given next Sunday evening.

Rev. J. W. Brier, Junior, lectured last Friday evening on "American Politics before the Curtain and Behind the Scenes," and proved himself thereby a ripe original thinker, a man who would grace the pulpit of the largest and most influential church in the land.

Just now there is considerable activity here, intellectually and from a Christian standpoint. At the beginning of the year a series of lectures was commenced in the M. E. church, which course has been largely attended, and several lectures at various times in the Congregational church have been like well attended. There is here a large and flourishing Christian Endeavor Society doing a large amount of good, and the Adventists (not the Seventh-day sect) have inaugurated a most successful Christian Literary Society, which is doing a world of good for the young people of that church. The town, too, is improving. Concrete sidewalks, graveled streets, new bank building, union high school, company forming to bore for natural gas, all point to the rising interest of the people in all that builds up and improves a town, and a healthy sign of the reality of this progress is the interest manifest in churches and schools. COM.

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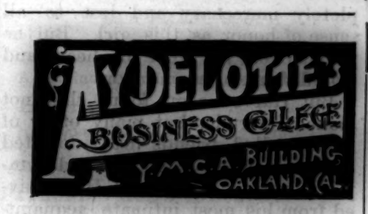

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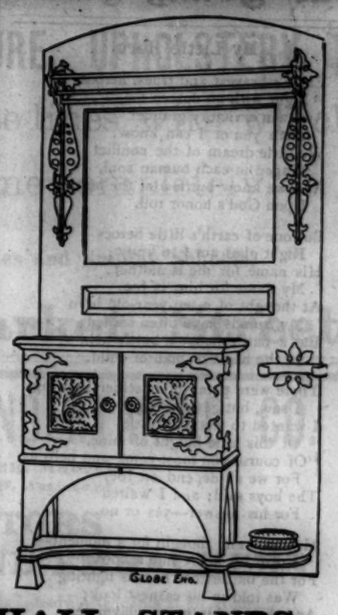

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Fight with an unseen foe,
And win a victory grander
Than you or I can know.
We little dream of the conflict
Waged in each human soul,
And we know but few of the heroes
Upon God's honor roll.

But one of earth's little heroes
Right glad am I to know;
His name for me is mother,
My name for him is Joe.
At thought of a ten-year-old hero
My friends have often smiled;
But a battle-field's a battle-field
In the heart of man or child.

There were plans of mischief brewing;
I saw, but gave no sign;
I wanted to test the mettle
Of this little knight of mine,
"Of course you must come and help us,
For we all depend on Joe,"
The boys said; and I waited
For his answer—yes or no.

He stood and thought for a moment—
I read his heart like a book,
For the battle that he was fighting
Was told in his earnest look;
And then to his merry playmates
Outspoke my loyal knight:
"No, boys, I cannot go with you,
Because it won't be right."

I was proud of my little hero,
And I prayed by his peaceful bed,
And I gave him good-night kisses,
And the good-night words were said,
That true to God and his manhood
He might stand in the world's fierce fight,
And shun each unworthy action,
Because "it wouldn't be right."

—*Golden Days.*

HARVEY DANTON; AND WHAT HE WAS MADE OF.

BY F. H. COLEBURN.

"Mr. Danton?"

"Yes."

"Telegram for you, sir."

"Very well."

Harvey tore off the yellow envelope and read as follows:

"Come home at once; papa in trouble. AGNES."

"Dad in trouble," thought Harvey, "What can be the matter?"

After dropping the faculty at the college a line explaining his absence, the young man packed a few articles in a satchel, and, seeing that the New York express was due in a few moments, went down to the depot. He was but barely in time to catch the train.

It was night when Harvey landed in the great metropolis. A light rain was falling, and the air was chilly. He hailed a passing cab and was driven quickly to his home. As the vehicle drew up in front of the imposing mansion, he could not help noticing how dreary and black the usually brilliantly-lighted house appeared. After settling with cabby, he hastened up the marble steps and rang the door bell, for he had left his latch-key in his college apartments.

Agnes, his sixteen-year-old sister, answered the summons.

"Oh! Harvey," she cried, "I am so glad you are come, we are all in such trouble. I am really frightened about papa."

"In heaven's name, what is the matter?"

"He will not tell me, but he seems ill and out of sorts, and he acts so strangely. When I asked him if I had not better send for the doctor, he said, "No," very crossly, that he could not afford it, and he made Sam turn out all the gas, saying that to burn it unnecessarily was a waste and an extravagance. He kept wishing you were here all last evening, but would not send for you; so I just went and telegraphed on my own account.

"You did right," said Harvey, gravely. "Where is father? I must go to him immediately."

"He is in the library."

"Alone?"

"Yes."

Harvey strode to the door and knocked.

"Come in," called out his father's voice. It was recognizable, but not just as he remembered hearing it last. It seemed to have grown gruffer and harsher in the interval.

Harry entered. There was no light in the room, but as soon as his eyes grew a little accustomed to the gloom, he could make out a muffled figure seated in an arm-chair near the window.

"Father," said Harvey a little doubtfully.

The man sprang to his feet with a cry of almost savage joy. Harvey saw it was indeed his father; but his hair was white and his face more haggard than it had ever been before. He staggered forward a step and then clutched the table for support.

"My boy," he cried; "my dear, good boy, I knew you'd come to me; I knew you'd come to me."

"Father, father, what is the matter?"

"Have you not heard?"

"Heard? heard what?"

"That I am a ruined man?"

"My God!" said Harvey. Then he went over and laid his hand on his father's shoulder. "I'm very sorry, daddy," he went on; "sorry for you and Agnes. For your sakes I would have had it otherwise."

"And not for your own?"

"There it is different. I'm young, strong and healthful; I've wasted my time and money at college, yet I've got the making of a man in me, I know that. This is the chance for me to show the stuff that's in me."

"What can you do?"

"Do as you did when a boy. Work."

"At what?"

"Any thing, so long as it is honest. If I cannot get a job that will suit me I'll take what is offered. If I can't earn a hundred dollars a month I'll be satisfied with twenty. Beggars must not be choosers, you know."

"We are not beggars," said the old man quickly; "I have managed to save a little, a very little from the cash." Then, with a hearty handshake, "My boy I'm proud of you!"

True to his word, Harvey started off next day without other reference or influence beside what his father's name afforded him to search for work. He tramped all the first day and found none; he tramped all the second day and found none. The third day a note arrived from the father of an old school-mate offering him employment as assistant book-keeper in a counting-house. Harvey's acceptance was most prompt.

Next morning at nine o'clock Harvey began work at fifty dollars a month. He found his labor tedious and wearisome; but he stuck to it with a persistence of which few would have given him credit. He did his best for his employer, and his best was so good that at the end of a single month he received a raise.

Among a number of boyish improprieties which Harvey had committed during his collegiate career was the rather serious one of having secretly engaged himself to the daughter of a well-to-do merchant. He loved her very much, and, not being well-versed in hypocrisy and dissimulation, had no thought but what her affection, like his, was entirely disinterested. He had no doubt but that she would remain true to him in this his hour of misfortune. Judge then of his sorrow and chagrin on one day receiving the following note:

"MR. DANTON—*Dear Sir:* I deplore your reverse of circumstances truly, and regret much being forced to put an end to our engagement. But you can yourself perceive how impossible it would be for there to be anything serious between us now. I can never be more to you than your sincere well-wisher, GERTRUDE BYBEE."

Harvey was intensely hurt at this cruel letter. He was also righteously indignant. Himself ever honest and true, whatever else his faults, he could not understand one so completely mercenary and lost to all sense of honor as this girl. But he proudly tore her from his heart and would think of her no more.

But Harvey soon found that not alone Gertrude, but many other of his so-called friends had deserted him now, when their aid and sympathy was most needed. He received from his most intimate acquaintances either only a haughty bow, or no notice whatever. His blood boiled at these slights and insults, and he was often possessed with an insane desire to capture two or three of those nicely-dressed dandies and crack their brainless skulls together. But he controlled himself.

"I'll shine some day with such a splendor," he said, "that when they look at me they will be dazzled."

Thus a year went by. The Dantons removed from their great house and took a little cottage on the outskirts of the city. Agnes, brave little girl, took complete charge of the home. She was left alone a good deal, for Harvey and her father were down town nearly all the day, but she was always cheerful, and brightened up the evenings wonderfully by her presence and merry chatter.

(Concluded next week.)

DO YOUR BEST.

It is told of Leonardo de Vinci, that while still a pupil, before his genius burst into brilliancy, he received a special inspiration in this way. His old and famous master, because of the growing infirmities of age, felt obliged to give up his own work, and one day bade De Vinci finish for him a picture which he had begun. The young man had such a reverence for his master's skill that he shrank from the task. The old artist, however, would not accept any excuse, but persisted in his command, saying simply, "Do your best." De Vinci at last, trembling, siezed the brush, and kneeling before the easel, prayed, "It is for the sake of my beloved master that I implore skill and power for this undertaking." As he proceeded his hand grew steady, his eye awoke with slumbering genius. He forgot himself, and was filled with enthusiasm for his work. When the painting was finished, the old master was carried into the studio to pass judgment on the work. His eye rested on a triumph of art. Thowing his arms around the young artist, he cried, "My son, I paint no more."

There are some who shrink from undertaking the work which the Master gives them to do. They are not worthy; they have no skill nor power for the delicate duty. But to all their timid shrinking and withdrawing, the Master's gentle, urgent word is, "Do your best." They have only to kneel in lowly reverence, and pray for the beloved Master's sake, for skill and strength for the task assigned, and they will be inspired and helped to do it well.—*S. S. Times.*

THE LAWYER'S GHOST.

A lawyer and a bishop (perhaps the bishop should come first) were talking, and this was the manner of their talk:

"I have become thoroughly convinced," said the lawyer, "of the existence of nocturnal apparitions, for I have seen one!"

"Dear me!" exclaimed the bishop, "I am very curious; relate the story."

"I will, my lord, I will," said the lawyer. "It was between the hours of eleven and twelve. I had gone to bed, and was just falling into my first comfortable sleep, when I was wakened by a strange creaking noise. It sounded as if some one was walking up stairs! The steps sounded nearer and nearer, slower and slower; solemn and measured they were, and presently they halted at my door. I drew the sheet over my head, and lay there trembling, not daring to move.

"Something," continued the lawyer," "entered my room, and threw the sheet over my face. I felt rather than saw a faint yellow glimmering light. I could not move at first, but presently managed to gain a little courage. I drew the sheet cautiously down from my face, and—looked!"

"Well!" cried the bishop, excitedly.

"In the center of the room," said the lawyer, slowly, "stood a tall old man. He seemed gaunt and worn with age or hunger, and his long, gray beard hung half way down his breast. He was dressed in a queer, loose cloak with a cape, and he wore a broad leather band about his waist. In one hand he held a peculiarly shaped lantern, from which flowed the yellow light, making strange, ghostly shadows on the wall behind him. In the other hand he held a staff, the look of which was unpleasant. He stood still in the middle of the floor, looking at me. Presently, I said, 'Whence art thou? What dost thou require?'"

"And what did he say?" cried the bishop, fixing his eyes upon the odd expression of the lawyer's face.

"He said"—replied the lawyer, speaking in a hoarse whisper—he said, 'I beg yer pardon, sur. I'm the watchman of the street, sur; an' I thought 'twould be best for me, sur, to come up an' tell yer that yer front door stood open! If ye do be lavin' it that way, sur, it's bad luck ye'll have before the mornin!'"

THE OBEDIENT ELEPHANT.

In some countries in Asia an elephant is made to carry the flag in battles. This is because the elephant is so tall and the soldiers can easily see the flag flying from his back.

One of these elephants, which belonged to the Poona host, was very brave and very kind, but he would obey the order of no one expect his mahout, or driver.

One time, while a very fierce fight was raging, the driver called to him, "Stand, my brave beast, stand!" A moment later the mahout received a fatal wound and fell to the ground, where he lay beneath a pile of wounded and slaiu.

The obedient animal would not move, though the battle raged wildly around him. The Poona soldiers, who feared they were being overcome, were cheered on by the sight of the flag still floating from his back.

He never stirred a foot, and all through the hot fight, the noise, the smoke, the confusion, listened patiently for the voice of his master.

Sharp spears were hurled at him, a score of javelins pierced his sides, his long ears dripped with blood; but he stood like a rock.

"Come forward, my men," cried the Poona captain, "our flag still floats and the battle will yet be ours."

His men, discouraged and ready to fly, rallied at this command, and, with a cheer for the flag, pressed forward. In a short time they won the victory and put the enemy to flight.

And then they gathered around the brave elephant, offering to lead him where he could be fed and cared for.

But, though wounded and worn, the obedient creature would not move until he heard his master's voice. That master could never speak again.

A rider was sent in great haste to a place fifty miles away, where lived the driver's little son, whom the elephant knew and loved.

When the little boy was brought to the battle-ground the elephant showed very plainly that he was glad to see him, and permitted the child to lead him away.—*Epworth Herald.*

HOW HE CAME TO "SWEAR OFF."

"No, I won't drink with you to-day, boys," said a drummer to several companions, as they settled down in the smoking car and passed the bottle. "The fact is, boys, I have quit drinking—I've sworn off." He was greeted with shouts of laughter by the jolly crowd around him; they put the bottle under his nose and indulged in many jokes at his expense; but he refused to drink, and was rather serious about it.

"What's the matter with you, old boy?" sang out one. "If you've quit drinking, something's up; tell us what it is."

"Well, boys, I will, though I know you'll laugh at me. But I'll tell you all the same. I have been a drinking man all my life, ever since I was married; as you all know, I love whisky—it's as sweet in my mouth as sugar—and God only knows how I'll quit it. For seven years, not a day has passed over my head that I didn't have at least one drink; but I am done. Yesterday I was in Chicago. Down on South Clark street a customer of mine keeps a pawn-shop in connection with his other business. I called on him, and while I was there a young man of not more than twenty-five, wearing thread-bare clothes, and looking as hard as if he hadn't seen a sober day for a month, came in with a little package in his hand. Trembling, he unwrapped it, and handed the article to the pawn-broker, saying, 'Give me ten cents.'

"And, boys, what do you suppose it was? A pair of baby shoes, little things with the buttons only a trifle soiled, as if they had been worn only once or twice. 'Where did you get these?' asked the pawn-broker. 'Got 'em home,' replied the man, who had an intelligent face and the manner of a gentleman, despite his sad condition. 'My—my wife bought them for our baby. Give me ten cents for 'em—I want drink.' 'You had better take the shoes back to your wife; the baby will need them,' said the pawn-broker. 'No s-she won't, because—because she's dead. She's lying at home now—died last night.' As he said this, the poor fellow broke down, bowed his head on the show-case, and cried like a child.

"Boys," said the drummer, "you can laugh if you please, but I—I have a baby of my own at home, and I swear I'll never drink another drop." Then he got up and went into another car. His companions glanced at each other in silence; no one laughed; the bottle disappeared, and soon each was sitting in a seat by himself reading a newspaper.—*Chicago Herald.*

JAPANESE HOLIDAYS.

The Japanese are a mirth-loving people. Kind, gentle and friendly, light-hearted, gay and joyous, they have cultivated for centuries the social side of their natures. Their calendar shows a list of eleven annual holidays, on each of which Japan gives itself to pleasure. In addition to these, each neighborhood has several *matsuries*, or festivals, during the year, in honor of its particular god or temple. These are great occasions, and generally last several days and are attended by large concourses of happy people. It has been a problem to missionaries, in Japan, how to direct the social element in the lives of the native Christians; how to furnish a substitute for the heathen celebrations they surrender when they become Christians, which shall be at the same time profitable and harmless. One plan that has been adopted—perhaps the favorite and most successful one—is what is called a *shimbakkwai* (heat love assembly), or social meeting, held in private houses, at which games are indulged in, tea and cake are served, and speeches are made. These are always opened and closed with religious services of a simple nature. These meetings are very profitable, and result in good to the Church, socially and otherwise. In all our efforts in this direction, great care has been taken to inculcate a reverence for the Church as a sacred place, and I am sure that the lesson has been so well learned that the Christians here would, one and all, be shocked if I should throw our Church open for amateur theatricals, concerts, fairs or oyster suppers. This precaution on our part is all the more necessary in view of the fact that the Buddhists seem to have little or no idea of sacredness connected with temple-buildings and yards. They will rent them for any purpose, moral or otherwise, provided the rental is sufficient. Only last summer I attended a Christian conference, which was held in a temple, and it is no unusual sight to see all sorts of shops, even saloons, menageries, etc., within the temple-grounds.

The Japanese Christians take great interest in Christmas, and participate in its festivities as though they were to the manor born. They are essentially an æsthetic people, and some of the most artistic and beautiful Christmas decorations I have ever seen, both as regards conception and execution, have been here in Japan.—*Selected.*

Little Girl (looking over advertising paper): "Mamma, why do all these boarding-houses object to children?" *Fond Mamma:* "I'm sure I don't know. Go see what the baby is yelling about, and tell Johnny to stop throwing things at people in the street, and make George and Kate stop fighting, and tell Dick if he doesn't stop banging that Chinese gong so hard I'll take it away from him."—*Good News.*

There is no greater mistake than to suppose that Christians can impress the world by agreeing with it. No; it is not conformity that we want; it is not being able to beat the world in its own way; but it is to stand apart and above it, and to produce the impression of a holy and separate life—this only can give us a true Christian power.—*Bushnell.*

The grandfather of the Rev. C. H. Spurgeon was an English clergyman, and his father, the Rev. James A. Spurgeon, still living, occupies a pulpit in London. Charles Spurgeon has two sons, and both are preachers.

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THE WAGE-WORKER AND THE CHURCH.

"The disproportion between the few who are attending at Christian churches, and the multitude who never cross the threshold of one, is a terrible reality."

The alienation of the wage-workers (or what we are pleased to call the masses) from the Church is accepted as an unwelcomed fact by the churches throughout the world. In some places this alienation amounts to open opposition; in other cases only supreme indifference; in either case there is undoubtedly a cause, and the Church should be active in finding out the cause, always remembering the one great central point in all true religion is, that "religion may be much more, but it cannot be less, than the lifting up of humanity"—not one branch of the human family, but the whole human family. How this can be done is a question of vital importance to every Christian. Indeed, the Church has to meet and answer many—yes, very many—questions which, in the social revolution now going on, confront us; questions which reach from man to God, from earth to heaven.

Do we sincerely believe that the masses have fallen away from the Church? or are we ready to realize the truth of a statement made by a laborer himself, "that the Church has fallen away from the masses?" We claim to be representatives of the Lord Jesus Christ. Did he stand deploring the fact that the masses would not come to him, or did he enter into their very lives, even to "eating with publicans and sinners"? Let us learn more of the nature of Christ's heart as it went out to men. Let us ask most earnestly, What makes Christianity real? He stopped to heal the leper. He took to his heart, in bonds of closest friendship, those uncouth, uneducated fisherman, and served them with gentle humility and faithfulness. He gave of his friendship freely, without regard to class distinction. The common people thus learned to love him and follow his precepts.

What is the mission of the men and women who are bearing aloft his banner to-day, but to live the humanity as he lived it. Is it not through us that he desires to speak forth his divine standard of manhood and womanhood; and can he succeed as long as we draw lines of class distinction, thus limiting the free, hearty giving of our lives to one class, or to personal affiliations of refinement, social culture, or wealth? Christ demonstrated a life of unselfish love for all. Christ's Spirit cannot flow out into the great industrial life of this world when his representatives hedge the way with prejudice, personal pride and self-arrogancy. Christ's Spirit can flow out to the brotherhood only as we give and find the touch of brotherhood in the lowliest of the lowly upon earth.

Do you believe infidelity among the masses to be one great cause of their non-attendance to religious services? After very careful investigation, I feel bound to say that I do not. In converse with many of them we find a reverence for a Supreme Ruler, a God of love, not such as they find exemplified in so many lives of professed Christians, but as they find in the story of the "Carpenter's Son."

But some one says, "Our churches are not closed to the poor and humble." Not professedly; perhaps practically, they are, all too many of them; in too many cases our costly edifices, finely dressed congregations, a paid choir of cultured singers, rendering music of high order, in true artistic style—everything seems to separate the laborer, with his poor clothes and toil-seamed hands, from such a place. "Well," you say, "there is a mission down on —— street for his people." Just there is the trouble—*cast, cast.* The poor man or woman, living in unpleasant surroundings, feels their poverty keener when attending our great churches; and when going to the mission room they feel depressed, and as a sort of outcast. If you do not believe this, go down into their lives and see for yourself. Give them a little of your Christian companionship. It won't do, Christians, to preach a gospel we do not live. The wide divergence between profession and practice is as a dead formula as compared to the living, divine force a live Christianity would be. There is a power behind the Church of Christ which maketh for righteousness. We all know and acknowledge this, but, alas, so often neglect to let this power have the right of way through our hearts into our lives! The Church must get back to Christ, and his plain—earnest teachings of social ethics as taught in the New Testament. (See Matt. xxii: 34–40; Matt. xxv: 31–46.) This brings us to the thought, What practical work can the Church do towards regenerating the social, industrial world?

L. H. ADDITON.

(To be continued.)

WASHINGTON LETTER.

The good people of the country whose influence it was that caused the last Congress to enact the law closing the United States mails to all printed matter of the lottery companies and also shutting out newspapers that published lottery advertisements, are to be congratulated. The constitutionality of this law, which was attacked by the ablest lawyers that money could employ, has been upheld by the United States Supreme Court, without a dissenting voice. This is all the more gratifying because of the rareness of unanimous concurrence in the decisions handed down by that Court. In delivering the opinion Chief Justice Fuller said: "We are constrained by the circumstances under which we find ourselves placed by the death of Mr. Justice Bradley, to whom the preparation of the opinions in these cases was committed, to postpone for the moment any elaboration of our views, and to confine ourselves to the expression of the general grounds on which our decision proceeds." The decision is just as strong as though it was supported by the most elaborate argument ever made, and that all the people care to know about it. The highest Court in the land has built a mighty bulwark to support the charge made by the corruptionists by the great army of moral reform, from which the next forward movement can be made.

The work of the W. C. T. U. on the subject has evidently been felt, as Senator Carey of Wyoming, and Representative Curtis of New York, this week introduced a bill in the Senate and House providing for the erection of a reformatory and house of detention for women charged with and convicted of crimes and misdemeanors in the District of Columbia.

A very interesting temperance mass-meeting was held Sunday afternoon by the W. C. T. U., the principal speaker being Mrs. Mary McGee Snell of Mississippi, who told some bitter truths about the manner in which the progress of the South is hampered by intemperance, and expressed the belief that the women of the section, who were gradually being aroused to the danger of the situation, would eventually bring about a change for the better. Mrs. Alden (Pansy) read a paper on the man who drinks "occasionally," and Judge Moulton spoke of the attempt of the liquor-dealers to secure the repeal of the law prohibiting the sale of liquor within one mile of the Soldiers' Home, and offered a resolution, which was, unanimously adopted, asking Congress not to repeal the law, but to pass one absolutely prohibiting the sale of liquor in the entire District of Columbia.

Two well-known members of Congress—Representatives Morse of Massachusetts and Cooper of Indiana—were among the speakers at an anniversary meeting of a Christian Endeavor Society held here Sunday night, and both gentlemen made good speeches and marked impressions on their hearers. Mr. Morse made one remarkable statement. Said he: "Since I have been in Congress, eighteen of my fellow-members have died, and I am convinced that the deaths of ten of them were directly attributable to the use of tobacco." He urged his hearers to include tobacco in their total abstinence pledges.

Congress has not been very interesting this week. The Senate has been devoting its time to the routine business on the calendar, while the House is still debating its new code of rules, which was reported from the Committee on Rules more than a week ago.

The "preacher Senator," as some people call Senator Kyle, made a most interesting speech to-day on a very important subject; one in which everybody is more or less interested. He spoke in favor of his bill providing for a constitutional amendment to make a uniform system of marriage and divorce laws throughout the United States. Senator Kyle is not what the world calls a great orator, but he knows how to make a strong, straightforward, business-like statement, and that is about what he did. He cited many facts proving the urgent necessity for a reform and for a plain law, which shall cover every spot under the control of the United States.

President and Mrs. Harrison gave a diplomatic dinner last night. Among the guests were: Senor Montt, the Chilean minister, and his wife; and their smiling faces, as they cordially shook hands with Mr. and Mrs. Harrison, spoke volumes for their satisfaction in the peaceable outcome of the late threatening complications between their country and the United States.

WEIGHING A HAIR.

"To number the hairs of your head is not a very difficult task," the refiner of the assay office said. "A very close approximation can be made by weighing the entire amount of hair on a man's head and then weighing a single hair. The weight of the former divided by that of the latter will, of course, give the desired number. If you will pluck out a hair from your beard I can show you. A long and straggling one was accordingly detached, the refiner putting it on a scale, which was inclosed in a glass case, and graduated with extreme accuracy. With little weights of aluminum he piled up on one arm until an equipoise was reached. The hair weighed three milligrammes. "If you reduce it to figures," he said, "it would require 8,000 hairs to weigh an ounce, and suppose you have six ounces, you have 48,000."—*New York Sun.*

Miscellany.

The Robin.

The morning broke so drearily
With ragged clouds that wept full sore,
With south winds sighing wearily,
"No more, faint heart, no more, no more."
But while I caught my breath with pain,
I heard him singing through the rain
As blithely as the sun did shine.
"Sometime, sometime,"
His happy rhyme,
"All we desire be thine, be mine,
Sometime, sometime."

"Thine is a blessed prophecy,
But it may never so betide;
Dost know, a friend has gone from me?"
I spoke and threw the window wide,
Above the wind and rain to hear
The robin's voice ring sweet and clear,
As though he sang at God's command,
"Take heart, take heart,
Though friends may part,
Yet One a meeting time hath planned,
Take heart, take heart!"

"But where, O scarlet-breasted bird?
So much I dread the waiting time."
The light wind at my lattice stirred,
And sweet and clear as fairy chime
Rang out the robin's voice again,
Above the drip of falling rain,
Where sang he in the old pear tree,
"Nay, wait; nay, wait;
Or soon or late
In His good time these things shall be;
Then wait, then wait."

"His peace be with thee, bonnie bird!"
And comforted I turn away,
Yet ever and anon I heard
Throughout that long and dreary day,
The robin singing in the rain,
The burden of his sweet refrain,
As blithely as the sun did shine.
"Sometime, sometime,"
His happy rhyme,
"All we desire be thine, be mine,
Sometime, sometime."

—FAITH FARLEIGH, in *Advance.*

WHY GIRLS FAIL.

Sometimes the question is asked, "What are the causes of failure among women workers?" Not that there are an alarming number of failures, but while many have scored brilliant successes, there are others who have fallen far short. The causes are various, and are worthy of consideration.

Perhaps one of the most common mistakes made by young women is their failure to prepare themselves for the work undertaken. We often hear it said, and truly, that there was never a time when so many fields of labor were open to women. It should be added, with equal truth, that never were the requirements so great. There is no longer a demand for shoddy labor. There are in every calling enough who are equipped for their work to entirely crowd out the incompetent workers. Young women, not realizing the necessity of thorough preparation, strive for and attain some position and feel sure therein, but as their inefficiency becomes apparent, they are requested to give place to others from the ranks of the efficient. These raw recruits who find their way into every department, and, likewise, find or are shown their way out, deserve our pity, since they must ever stand back and give place to those who are prepared for their work. In some instances, in fact, in many instances, the lack of preparation is more remote than the matter in hand. In the business colleges of our land are to be found many young women pursuing their studies with honest effort. After months of study, not having attained the required standard, they question why they have failed where others have succeeded, The reason is obvious. They are not prepared for the studies they pursued. Stenography and book-keeping would avail them little, even if mastered, if they were ignorant of the simplest rules of grammar, spelling, and other studies positively necessary to accompany the subjects pursued.

Another cause of failure is that girls too often undertake a work for which they are not adapted, being foolishly influenced by the success of some friend. A man may be a first-class mechanic, but he would hardly succeed as a lawyer, though he spends years in the study of law. A girl may have a special genius for the fashioning bonnets or dresses, and she will, doubtless, find success in that line. But if allured by the success of another, she undertakes teaching, office-work, or some other labor foreign to her tastes, failure is imminent, though she has taken pains to prepare herself for the work. Wise is the young woman who, having found her work, has strength of purpose to say, "This one thing I do," and having declared thus to adhere to it.

A very great mistake often made by business girls is that of endeavoring to perform just as much work as they are paid for and no more. Great is their anxiety lest they do two dollars' worth of work for one dollar. To such let me say that the determination to fulfil every obligation faithfully in spirit and in letter should outrank the thought of the money to be made. This may be a difficult matter when one's earnings are required to augment the family purse, but it will certainly pay in the long run. If a young woman agrees to perform certain duties for a nominal sum, perhaps far below their actual value, she should know that she cannot afford to render anything less than the best of which she is capable. It may seem to her that her efforts are not appreciated, but in time they will be rewarded, and were, doubtless, always appreciated.

Lack of intensity of purpose is another cause of failure. In other words, too many enter the ranks of bread-winners, not with the idea of continuing long therein, but simply to tide over the time between the graduation and the wedding day. They are interested in their work only so far as to the pay they are to receive, their chief interest being in the "coming man." Marion Harland, speaking upon this subject, aptly says:

"The girl who studies book-keeping or stenography as a stop-gap against the tide of impecuniosity until she can wed a bread-and-bonnet-winner, enacts the trite roll of the little Harlem hero with his thumb in the dike leak. She is like one who watches for the morning, and, in proportion as her heart fails at the delay of dawn, interest in her occupation declines."

Ah, girls, far better for you to turn your attention to the matter set before you for accomplishment, than to watch for the "coming man," who, perchance, may never came, or, indeed, if he does come might better have staid away. But, if in the future, the personification of your ideal should appear to call you his own, believe me, you will be the better prepared by these years of real labor for the office of wife, home-maker and mother.—*The Housekeeper.*

PREVALENCE OF GAMBLING.

An article on "The Prevalence of Gambling," in *The Forum,* is one of the clearest and best explanations of the almost universal prevalence of gambling that has appeared for many years. It is written by Mr. W B. Curtis, editor of *The Spirit of the Times.*

"It is safe to say," writes Mr. Curtis, "that there never was a time in the history of the world when gambling was so rife among all classes of people as at present. In fact, many legitimate branches of business are tinged with the hue of speculation; those persons who do not bet on horse-races or in stocks, gratify their speculative tendencies by dabbling in rural town lots, in mining shares, and in various other so-called business enterprises, the methods of which are really variations of the methods of gambling by the roulette wheel, with twenty eagle birds instead of one. The same class of men who, in the last century, wagered thousands and hundreds of thousands on the turn of a card or on the emptying of a dice-box, now speculate in the stock, produce, or the cotton exchange, and on horse-racing, which is at present the greatest of all gambling games."

Mr. Curtis, after citing figures to show the vast scale on which betting is carried at horse-races and in lotteries, presents some interesting views on the moral effect of this vice upon those who indulge in it persistently. "A bold gambler," he says, "is a great man gone wrong, and gambling is a misdirection of courage and energy, and most of those attributes that make men most manly. The same mental qualities that enable a man to await without a tremor the turn of a card that carries his fortune, or the stock quotation that will make him a beggar, will lead him to face death unflinchingly at the call of glory, of honor, or of duty; will bring him first over the breast-works when a forlorn hope saves an army; and will nerve him to risk his life for others at the throttle, in the surf, amid flame and smoke, or in a hospital."

FIRST PURE, THEN PEACEABLE.

John Wesley believed that the world should contain no wickedness and no bigotry. These two things, he contended against with all his might. Writing to a young Methodist, he said: "We set out upon two principles; 1. None go to heaven without holiness of heart and life. 2. Whosoever follows after this (whatever his opinion be) is my 'brother, and sister, and mother.'"

Mr. Wesley's most earnest utterances are directed against sin and intolerance of opinion. His main inquiry in respect to every candidate for membership to his societies was, "Is thine heart right?" He was willing that men should think on non-essentials as they pleased, but insisted that their hearts must be right with God and they must be following after holiness. This is the proper spirit for all Christians to exemplify. Stop wrangling about modes, and forms, and distinctions, and conditions. Be tolerant, aye, charitable. Work for conversions, not proselytes. Preach true doctrines, believe great truths, but don't consign anybody to the pit because he can't see a point just as you do. When we get to heaven, and not before, we shall see eye to eye.—*Michigan Christian Advocate.*

The *grip* has been making sad ravages among the Indians in Arizona Territory, the Pions Indians alone having lost 100 during the past few weeks.

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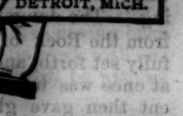

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Shows the ROYAL to be a cream of tartar baking powder, superior to all others in leavening power (*U. S. Dept. Agricult'e Bulletin 13, p. 599.*).

SEATTLE LETTER.

BY REV. GEO. H. LEE.

Our Fellowship Meeting No. 1, at Edmonds, Tuesday last, was grand as to *quality*. The day was rainy, so numbers in attendance were not great. Fourteen delegates were hospitably entertained. The morning order was as follows: Song, "Rock of Ages"; prayer, Rev. O. L. Fowler, the pastor; reading of Rom. xii, Rev. M. P. Jones, Seattle; prayer, Rev. R. A. Rowley; song, "Draw Me Nearer"; and then an excellent sermon by Rev. H. T. Shepard, of Black Diamond; text Prov. xvii: 17—"A friend loveth at all times," etc.; subject, "Lost Love." The preacher showed that souls might be gained by taking advantage even of their mistaken motives, and he dwelt forcibly upon some of the hindrances to ministerial success, particularly the lack of adaptation of self to others. After prayer by Rev. S. Greene, and announcements, we sang and were dismissed to our various dining places.

In the afternoon we met at 2:30 o'clock, when, after delightful devotional exercises, Rev. Richard Bushell preached in his hearty, impressive way from the text Acts xiii: 26—"To you is the word of this salvation sent." He said: By "word of this salvation" is meant the forgiveness of sins in Jesus; that this "word" is sent to us to-day by the general commission the Church has from Christ; by the preaching of it and the distribution of the Bible among the people; by various providences, leading each of us; that this word places us in a position of great favor, such as kings and prophets never had; in a position of great indebtedness, and in a position of responsibility for our privileges. How then shall we treat this word? By delay? by refusal? by pretending to receive it? or by accepting it with delight? The reasons why it should be received were then urged affectionately upon every soul, and prayer was offered for God's blessing on the message.

The fellowship meeting then followed, led by the writer, when, after songs and the reading of John xv, warm and joyful testimonies, remarks and prayers, came from all about the church, freely interspersed with songs, and finally closing with singing "Blest Be the Tie," all joining hands in fellowship.

In the evening we met at 7:30, the pretty little church being well filled, although without one doubt it would have been even fuller if Brother Fowler could only have had a bell wherewith to notify and invite the public at the hour. Telegraphic greetings to the meetings from Superintendent Merritt, attending the meeting at Blaine, were read by Brother Fowler; the lateness of the hour prevented the reply all would gladly have sent. The devotional exercises preceding the sermon prepared us for the sermon, which was by Rev. Wallace Nutting; text, Heb. ii: 1, subject, "Drifting." The danger of drifting away from the Rock of Ages was powerfully set forth, and a return to Christ at once was urged. Christians present then gave glowing testimonies, prayers were offered, and five arose to signify a desire to become Christians. Our hearts were very much warmed by the fellowship of the saints, and when we came to the hour of leaving Edmonds the next morning, we felt it was good to have been there.

Next Monday night, also Tuesday night, the second in this series of fellowship meetings is to be held at the Brooklyn church, as an earnest letter from Superintendent Greene, who has this important matter in charge, declares.

Brother Rowley has been working for the Master at the Center-street mission, Tacoma. Last Sunday, at 2 P. M., he held "Children's Church." Meetings each night since Tuesday, February 4th, have employed him, and God has signally blessed his labors. He has used a very neatly prepared "Pledge for Christ," containing words of Christ, reflections of the penitent sinner, his resolve, and his promise to be the Lord's. Sixty have signed these pledges in duplicate, some of sixty years old, and one of six years. Next Sunday (to-morrow) three services are to be held.

Port Angeles.—Three times a Sunday Brother Chase preaches, and has two or three Sunday-schools in charge. In addition to the Ladies' Society, a Young Ladies' Society is to be organized. On Tuesday evening Mr. Chase meets his people for Bible study. The congregations on Sunday continue large, but at the prayer-meeting not what the pastor desires. The society of Young Church Workers has changed to a Junior Endeavor Society, and the boys are wanting a Boys' Brigade organized. The prospect of efficiency in these societies this year is very cheering. Last Monday night the church held its monthly social, and among other things the pastor read a paper on "James R. Lowell."

Eagle Harbor.—At the conclusion of the morning service Sunday, January 31st, a man stood up in the meeting, his eyes full of tears, and said, "I am not a Christian, but my God's help I mean to be; there are those here whom I have wronged, and I hope they will forgive me." His wife, who became a Christian during the time Brother Rowley was at Eagle Harbor, in January, hastened across the room from her husband. and shook hands with her husband's brother and his wife; all three then came over to the penitent brother, the pastor's wife putting an arm about each of the two sisters, and there, in the presence of the congregation, these two families, long estranged, were reconciled. The scene touched all hearts. Says the pastor, "It was truly a glad time, and we trust the beginning of a better day for the little church at Eagle Harbor." Brother Clark held services during the week-nights following, his church membership rallying about him as never before. Last Sunday was communion, and six were received on confession of faith, all but one being heads of families. Mr. Rowley's help, given them in January, is very gratefully remembered at Eagle Harbor.

Rev. A. J. Smith, recently from Neosho, Missouri, has accepted a call from the East Tacoma church, I hear.

The Seattle Congregational Ministerial Association met in the usual room at Plymouth church last Monday, Brothers Jones, Strong, Nutting, Ferrier, Greene and Lee present. Brother Jones preached last Sunday morning on the theme, "Sinlessness of Christ"; text, "He was tempted in all points like as we," etc. In the evening his subject was "Human Plans *versus* Divine Plans." (Prov. ix: 16.) Messrs. Nutting and Lee exchanged pulpits in the morning. Mr. Greene was at Brooklyn in the morning service, and later he addressed the Sunday-school there. Brother Ferrier's sermon was upon, "What the World would have been if Christ had Not Come"; text, "I am come that ye might have it more abundantly." The sermon was repeated in the next morning's *Post-Intelligencer*. Then, after these reports, Mr. Ferrier gave us a most excellent paper on "Some Defects in Preaching." I tried to get it for publication in THE PACIFIC—sure that your readers would be glad to read it—but Mr. Ferrier's modesty prevented; he feared it was too long. But, at any rate, the paper excited a great discussion among us ministers.

At Plymouth church $30 was raised on January 31st for the work of the Seaman's Bethel. This is a vitally important work, too often overlooked, perhaps, in our churches, our prayers, and our help. I take these stirring words of Brother Nutting from the *Plymouth Church Herald* of last Sunday; they apply equally to all our churches, as far as known by the writer: "Every member of the church should act as a committee of one to greet strangers. Many strangers come to this church and go away without one greeting. If they return, it cannot be for social reasons. It is useless to stand on one side and expatiate on the wonderfully social spirit of the church. If your neighbor is social, and you close your shell like an oyster, the church is not living its proper life."

Taylor church is encouraged by the large gains in its Sunday-school this year thus far. The average attendance for January was 113. We are praying and laboring to bring it up to 200. Only our little building begins to be too tight a fit for the school as it is. We hope to send word of our rising to build before long. Last year our Shining Star Mission Circle raised $36.98, of which $15 went to the support of a school girl in India. Mrs. Camp, director of this Circle, has been laid by on a bed of pain for a month; but Mrs. Lee has kept up the interest of the Circle.

The brethren of our churches are urgently requested to send me anything wherefrom I can make items representing the different churches—a letter, a postal card, a newspaper having marked items in it, your printed church calendar, specimens of your various printings for Church, Sunday-school, or Christian Endeavor work. We are well under way; let us keep the friendly breezes blowing.

229 Birch street, Seattle. Feb. 13, 1892.

NOTES FROM SAN DIEGO.

A few notes to THE PACIFIC from the city of St. James or San Diego (it is remarkable how rich in Biblical names we are in California, even if we are not so religious in our lives) will not be amiss after many wanderings over the face of the earth. Somehow I feel a little more at home in this mundane sphere since traversing so many continents and seas, and yet there is no heaven anywhere except as you carry it in your heart in companionship with the Lord of life. Nature offers many beautiful and attractive scenes to the natural eye, but there are spiritual visions that transcend anything seen in nature. There are more than one Yosemite or Niagara in the spiritual life of the soul. True, many never appreciate the highest beauty in an exalted Christian life, and the same is true of the world of art or the grandeur in nature.

But I commenced to tell the readers of THE PACIFIC about Congregationalism in San Diego, where we have at present two churches, and here I am tempted to say I wish *that more of the members would read* THE PACIFIC. The First Congregational Church recently held its annual meeting, and the reports presented showed increased activity along all the lines of Church work. It is somewhat over a year since our worthy and eloquent brother and friend of seminary days, Rev. W. C. Merrill, was called to this church, and I am told that there have been accessions to the church at every communion. Mr. Merrill still keeps up his seminary habits, and is not afraid to let the midnight oil burn in order that he may give to his people all that his fertile brain and heart may have evolved. As of old, he is a hard student, preaches eloquently, and is alive to all the interests of the church, and the people appreciate his laborious and self-denying work. True, he has an occasional "blue Monday"; but then who does not feel at times somewhat depressed? though Joseph Neesima said that we ought never use the words "hopeless" and "discouraged" in our writings or in our conversation, and I am inclined to think he represented the Biblical view. Still, have we not all our fainting seasons? And, oh, how often we have sat under our juniper tree! but it is best not to sit there very often. Mr. Merrill has done excellent work and is ably assisted by a good corps of church officers and Sabbath-school teachers. The Sabbath-school during the past year has increased until its present number is about two hundred, ably superintended by Dr. Burnham. Screens are used while the lesson is taught, so that every class can be more or less by itself. The Young People's Society of Christian Endeavor (what a long name that is! why not call it Endeavor Society?) has a membership of ninety, of whom sixty-two are active members. During the year six of the young Endeavorers have joined the church on confession of faith, and a number by letter. The Junior Endeavor Society is said to have the largest membership in Southern California. Their present membership is about eighty-five, and the number is constantly increasing. Whatever the work among the young may lack in spiritual fervor, it is a movement in the right direction to teach the children some practical method of serving God. The Endeavor Society assists Mr. Merrill largely in the evening service, which consists of a service of song and responsive readings the first half-hour.

The morning services are all well attended, and a number of persons are stationed throughout the congregation to welcome strangers, and there is but one improvement to the plan that could be suggested, and that is, that every church member should consider himself on the "Look-out Committee." There is more gospel in a warm hand-shake and a pleasant word than some people suppose.

The additions to the church during the year were 19 on confession of faith and 29 by letter; bringing the present membership up to 238, after deducting all the losses by death and removal.

The total income of the church from all sources was $3,210, of which sum $129.01 was expended for Home Missions, and $62.40 for Foreign Missions. The church worships in a wooden structure in a central location of the city. One of the officers of the church was inclined to make fun of the building, by calling it an "old barn," when I instantly thought of our chapels in China, which were not one-quarter as comfortable as this building, which is well lighted, and though not having all the modern improvements in church architecture, it is a comfortable place of worship, and I would prefer to worship in such a structure than in most of the fine churches that I have visited in the East. Sunlight is 100 per cent. better than gaslight, and to be out of debt is worth more than all cathedrals of the world with a debt upon them. This church is one of the few churches in San Diego that has no debt, and our brethren here are to be honored for being willing to worship in an inexpensive wooden structure and we trust that they will continue to do so until they can build a better one without a church debt to fetter them in their Christian work. One lesson the Christian Church needs to learn is that the Scriptural injunction "Owe no man anything," applies to churches as well as to individuals.

A printed order of service with responsive readings is handed each worshiper at the morning service, while the Sabbath-school, as a body, have taken up the lessons prepared by Revs. Erastus Blakeslee Spencer, Man, and which continue through a course of years. Those qualified to render an opinion on the above lessons seem to speak very highly of them.

The ladies' societies of the church consist of two—the Ladies' Aid and the Ladies' Home and Foreign Missionary Society. The former has a membership of about 70, and the latter about 35. Like all the churches of the United States, the female membership is much larger than the male, and, at present, there are 140 ladies who belong to the church. No attempt has been made to raise money by socials or fairs, and yet they have raised $325 from all sources. The interest in foreign missions has not reached the high-water mark, but we trust that Miss Harwood's letter from the land of the Rising Sun will arouse their interest to give more to the foreign missionary work. Well done, ladies! but while you are saving your car fares, and denying yourselves in many ways, remember that it is all recorded in the Book above, where you will find one day that your meager contributions have led a soul to Christ on the banks of the Ganges, on the plains of Africa, or among the sacred mountains of Japan.

But while we have dwelt upon the interesting reports of church work, we have forgotten to speak of the bountiful collation prepared by the ladies, who spread their tables at the early hour of 6 P. M., and invited all the church members, interested strangers and sick and worn-out missionaries. It was a scene of cheerfulness and happy contentment, each lady vieing with the other to make all guests happy; and among them there was none more conspicuous than the pastor's wife, who ably seconds all her husband's efforts in every good work. Then there was one of the former good Antioch mothers whose heart beats warm towards all foreign missionaries, even if she is not ready to go herself on a foreign mission. We must not pass by our veteran Zulu missionary from South Africa, Rev Mr. Tyler, whose station Mr. Dorwood is now superintending. Good old man! we feel like kneeling to him, and certainly we respect his grey hairs more than we can tell. His heart is still in Africa, and if he could hear better he would start off tomorrow for his African home among the Zulus. He has published a book on his life in Africa, and it is a splendid addition to the missionary literature of our day. All Sunday-schools ought to have the book in their library. Time would fail us to speak of all the persons present; suffice it to say that young and old were made glad at this their annual feast. After the collation, our attention was turned to the Giver of all good, in a little poem handed in by some one, *incognito*, and which, in part, voiced the sentiment of pastor and people. We append it for those who did not hear it:

With gathered sheaves of ripened grain,
We meet once more in joyful glee,
To celebrate our annual feast,
And pay our vows, O Lord, to Thee.

At thy blest feet we bow our knees,
Thou light of the eternal Sun,
And lay our humble trophies down,
Of souls redeemed and vict'ries won.

Through busy hours of anxious toil,
Through sunlit peace of heavenly day;
Through blinding grief and dismal night,
Thy hand hath led us all the way.

For this Thy holy dwelling-place,
Where we have met Thee, face to face,
We bless Thy name forevermore,
And praise the wonders of Thy grace.

For our beloved pastor dear,
And Thine own living Holy Word;
For all our teachers tried and true
We thank Thee, Oh, our gracious Lord.

Forgive our weakness in the past,
And write Thy name upon our hearts;
Then shall we teach to sinners lost
The boundless love that Christ imparts.

Our lives to Thee we consecrate,
To do and suffer all Thy will,
Till called to walk in brighter spheres,
A holier mission to fulfill.

The church has a promising future before it, and we bid our brother and his noble and earnest co-laborers a hearty "God-speed."

The work of redeeming the world is one. There is no *home* and *foreign* in God's vocabulary, but His blessing is for all, and one day the benighted Chinaman of Asia, the roving and ignorant Zulu of Africa will sit down with the most renowned saint of America. O Lord, hasten the day when we shall carry Thy message of love to the ends of the earth!

C. R. HAGER.

P. S.—My letter has already grown too large to speak of the other churches, but this will suffice for the present.

THE LAND WHERE JESUS LIVED.

How can I become familar with the scenes of our Saviour's earthly life? Such a question came to me from one who had found a new interest in Jesus of Nazareth as the Saviour of his soul.

It was the voiced thought of one out of the many who have realized the vagueness and unrealness of their Bible knowledge, and who would gladly make that knowledge more definite and more real if the task did not seem too great. There are two lines of study which are very helpful. Neither of them is difficult, and both of them are interesting as well as profitable. One has reference to location, and the other to the scenery and people. The trouble with our maps of the Holy Land is that they are too full.

One reads of a place, looks it up, and forgets where it is. How much easier it is to remember the location of places we have visited than of those which we have only seen on the map! Then let one take the hint, and make the place himself. If he does not make too many at a time, he will remember where they are, and why he placed them there.

My friend is interested in the life of Christ. Let him take a sheet of paper, and draw a rough outline of the Mediterranean coast from its northeastern extremity to the mouth of the Nile. Then draw the river Jordan from source to mouth. Locate its enlargements and the Dead Sea, and he is ready for a growing knowledge of the land our Saviour trod.

Read Matthew as a basis, and the other gospels in connection with it for corroboration or supplementary information, as indicated by "Harmony of the Gospels," to be found in every Teacher's Bible. Whenever Jesus does or says anything, locate it, and if the place has a name, write it on the map. By this means the map grows in the mind as it does on paper, and one travels the country over with Jesus himself. Bethlehem is brightened once more with its star. Egypt opens its doors to the fleeing Joseph and Mary with the precious Christ child; and Nazareth receives them back again when Herod, the persecutor, had gone to his reward. At Jerusalem, the twelve-year-old Jesus astonishes the learned D.D.'s, and asks a question that is not yet fully understood and answered, Wist ye not that I must be about my Father's business?" And so we follow on, locating his baptism, his wilderness temptation of forty days, his seaside walk, when he called Peter and Andrew from casting their nets, to become fishers of men, and James and John from mending their nets, to saving the souls of men. We locate the scenes of many miracles, and even the mountain pulpit, from which was preached the simplest, clearest, most practical, and most famous sermon that the world has ever heard. Palestine has a new thought, and a deeper interest with every dot or mark we make upon the map. We would know more of its scenery, more of its people, more of their customs. The land, and the Book, and other writings of modern times fill out the picture. It becomes real to us, and we live with Christ on earth, from the advent to the ascension.

S. M. D.

WILL YOU HELP NOW?

Ladies of our Home Missionary Union, I want to lay this burden of debt of our Home Missionary Society on your hearts. We are the auxiliaries or helpers in this time of need; $235,000 is required before the end of March. Can we raise it? *Yes*, if we *all* help. One day of earnest, united effort on the part of all our churches will do it. Our unions in Southern California helped $1,200 last year; $1,500 is our standard this year. Let us not fall short of it. But this means greater effort and larger gifts on our part. Think about it, sisters, talk about it, pray over it, *and do it.*

Many of us have helped nobly in increasing the gifts of foreign missions, and we rejoice in such increase; but let it never be said of us that, while feeding others, we have turned a deaf ear to the piteous cry of our own children for the bread of life.

Where there are no unions in the churches, will not some sister, or the pastor, see to it that all join in this good work.

Have we not some sisters in the churches whom the Lord has prospered, who will gladly make large gifts in this time of need?

Supplement your gifts with the proceeds of a social, a concert, a stereopticon exhibition, or some other plan that commends itself to you. Try the Sunday-school army plan if you have not already done so. Get the Y. P. S. C. E. to contribute at least $5 and become auxiliary.

Send all your offerings to Mrs. C. A. Spencer, 419 West Second street, Los Angeles, by the 15th of March, in order that they may reach the society before the home missionary year closes.

Permit me to suggest that in this emergency we designate our gifts to the Home Missionary Society.

MRS. EMMA CASH,
President of Southern Cal. W. H. M. U.

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